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H Y M N S

AND LONDON

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SPIRITUAL SONGS,

IN THREE BOOKS :

- I. Collected from the Scriptures.
- II. Composed on Divine Subjects.
- III. Prepared for the Lord's Supper.

By I. W A T T S, D. D.

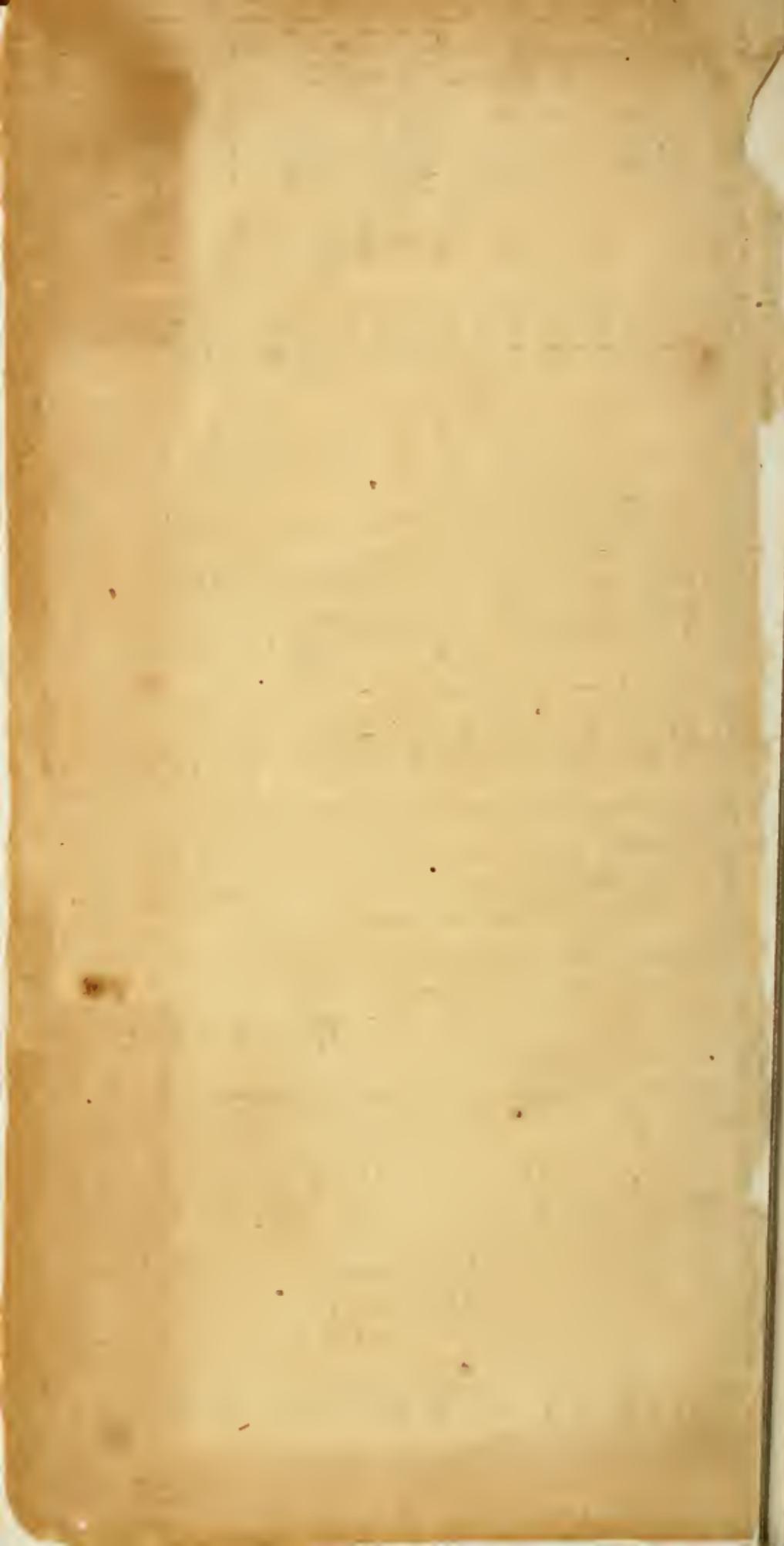
*And they sung a new Song, saying, Thou art
worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast
redeemed us, &c.—REV. v. IX.*

*Soliti essent [i. e. CHRISTIANI] convenire,
carmenque, Christo quasi Deo dicere.
PLIN. in Epist.*

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H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1. *A new song to the Lamb that was slain*, Rev.

1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the *Lamb*,
Amidst his Father's throne :
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs, before unknown.

2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweetest sound.

3 Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise :
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

[4 Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will ?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal ?

5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees ;
The Son deserves it well :
Lo, in his hand the sov'reign keys
Of heav'n, and death, and hell !]

6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid :
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.

7 Thou has redeem'd our sou's with blood,
 Hast set the pris'ners free :
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

8 The worlds of nature and of grace
 Are put beneath thy pow'r ;
 Then shorten these delaying days,
 And bring the promis'd hour.

II. *The Deity and humanity of Christ, John i. 1, 3, 14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.*

1 **E**'ER the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
 From everlasting was the Word ;
 With God he was, the Word was God,
 And must divinely be ador'd.

2 By his own pow'r were all things made,
 By him supported, all things stand :
 He is the whole creation's head,
 And angels fly at his command.

3 E'er sin was born, or satan fell,
 He led the host of morning stars ;
 (Thy generation who can tell,
 Or count the number of thy years ?)

4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms,
 The word descends and dwells in clay,
 That he may hold converse with worms,
 Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
 Th' eternal Father's only Son ;
 How full of truth ! how full of grace !
 When thro' his flesh the godhead shone !

6 Archangels leave their high abode,
 To learn new myst'ries here, and tell
 The loves of our descending God,
 The glories of *Emanuel*.

III. *The nativity of Christ, Lu. i. 30, &c. ii. 10.*

1 **B**E H O L D, the grace appears !
The promise is fulfil'd ;
Mary, the wond'rous virgin, bears,
And *Jesus* is the child !

[2] The *Lord* the highest *God*
Calls him his only *Son* :
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him *David's* throne.

3 O'er *Jacob* shall he reign
With a peculiar sway ;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.

4 To bring the glor'ous news
A heav'nly form appears ;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

5 Go, humble swains, (said he)
To *David's* city fly ;
The promis'd Infant born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.

6 With looks and hearts serene,
Go, visit Christ, your king ;
And strait a flaming troop was seen ;
The shepherds heard them sing—

7 Glory to God on high !
And heav'nly peace on earth :
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth !

[8] In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues ;
With the celest'al host we join,
And loud repeat their songs ;

9 *Glory to God on high !
And heav'ly peace on earth,
Good will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth.*

IV. H Y M N, referred to II. P S A L M.

V. *Submission to afflictive providences, Job. i. 21.*

1 **N**A K E D, as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;
He gives, and (blessed be his name !)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then ;
Let each rebell'ous figh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too,
Which strikes our comforts dead.

VI. *Triumph over death, Job xix. 25, 26, 27.*

1 **G**REAT God, I own thy sentence just,
And nature must decay ;
I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith can triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs :
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives !
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The

3 The mighty conq'ror shall appear
 High on a royal seat,
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
 And gnaw my wasting flesh,
 When God shall build my bones again,
 He'll clothe them all afresh.

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
 With strong immortal eyes,
 And feast upon thy unknown grace
 With pleasure and surprise.

VII. *The invitation of the gospel*, Isa. lv. 12, &c.

1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
 And ev'ry heart rejoice,
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.

2 Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls,
 Who feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys,
 To fill an empty mind :

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.

4 Ho ! ye who pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die ;
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join ;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.

[6. Ye perishing and naked poor,
 Who work with mighty pain,

To weave a garment of your own,
Which will not hide your stain :

7 Come, naked, and adorn your souls
With robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dy'd in his own blood.]

8 Dear God, the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins !

9 The happy gates of gospel grace,
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

VIII. *Protection of the church, Is. xxvi. 1. &c.*

1 **H**OW honorable is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land !

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell ;
The walls, of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling ;
Enter, ye nations, and obey
The statute of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingle joys,
And live in perfect peace ;
You who have known Jehovah's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears :
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

6 What

6 What tho' the rebels dwell on high ;
 His arm shall bring them low ;
 Low as the caverns of the grave
 Their lofty heads shall bow.

7 On *Babylon* our feet shall tread,
 In that rejoicing hour ;
 The ruins of her walls shall spread
 A pavement for the poor. .

IX. *The premises of the covenant of grace*, Isa. Iv. 1, 2. Zech. x. iii. 1. Mic. vii. 19. Exe. xxxvi. 25.

1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives,
 To gather empty wind ;
 The choicest blessings earth can yield
 Will starve a hungry mind.

2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls,
 With more substantial meat,
 With such as saints in glory love,
 With such as angels eat.

3 Our God will ev'ry want supply,
 And fill our hearts with peace ;
 He gives by cov'nant and by oath
 The riches of his grace.

4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
 And wash away our stains
 In the dear fountain which his Son
 Pour'd from his dying veins.

5 Our guilt shall vanish all away,
 Tho' black as hell before ;
 Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
 And shall be found no more.

6 And lest pollution should o'erspread
 Our inward pow'rs again,
 His Spirit shall bedew our souls,
 With purifying rain.

- 7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,
Which terrors cannot move,
Which fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love :
- 8 Or he will take the flint away
Which would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.
- 9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our souls
To sweet obedience draw.
- 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise ;
We, the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

X. *Blessedness of gospel time, Isa. v. 2, 7, &c.*

- 1 **H**OW beaut'ous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
“ Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
“ He reigns and triumphs here.”
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And fought but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
Which see this heav'nly light ;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;

Jerusalem

Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And desarts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Thro' all the earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their **God**.

XI. *The sovereignty of grace*, Lu. x. 21, 22.

- 1 **T**HREE was an hour when *Christ* rejoic'd,
And spoke his joy in words of praise ;
“ Father, I thank thee, mighty **God**,
“ Lord of the earth, and heav'ns and seas.
- 2 “ I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,
“ Which crowns my doctrine with success ;
“ And makes the babes in knowledge learn
“ The heights & breadths, and lengths of grace.
- 3 “ But all this glory lies conceal'd
“ From men of prudence and of wit ;
“ The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
“ And their own pride resists the light.
- 4 “ Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
“ Chose and ordain'd it should be so ;
“ 'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
“ And lay the haughty scorner low.
- 5 “ There's none can know the Father right,
“ But those who learn it from the Son ;
“ Nor can the Son be well receiv'd
“ But where the Father makes him known.”
- 6 Then let our souls adore our **God**,
Who deals his graces as he please ;
Nor gives to mortals an account
Or of his actions, or decrees.

XII. *Free grace revealing Christ*, Luke x. 12.

- 1 **F**ESUS, the man of constant grief,
A mourner all his days ; His

His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
And turn'd his joy to praise.

2 Father, I thank thy wond'rous love,
Which hath reveal'd thy Son
To men unlearned ; and to babes
Has made thy gospel known.

3 The myst'ries of redeeming grace
Are hidden from the wise,
While pride and carnal reas'nings join
To swell and blind their eyes.

4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace
By his own sov'reign will.

XIII. The titles and kingdom of Christ, Is. xi. 2, 6, 7.

1 **T**HE lands which long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heav'nly light ;
Nations which sat in death's cold shade
Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born ;
Behold th' expected child appear !
What shall his names or titles be ?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

[3 This Infant is the Mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd ;
Th' Eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.]

4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid ;
His wide domin'ons shall increase ;
And honors to his name be paid.

5 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his Father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

XIV. The

XIV. *The triumph of Faith*, Rom. viii. 33.

1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?
'Tis God who justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ who suffer'd in their stead ;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.

3 He lives ! he lives ! and sits above,
For ever interceding there :
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair ?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?
He who hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.

5 Faith has an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying hour :
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

XV. *Our own weakness, and Christ our strength.*

2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

1 **L**E T me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day,
Then I'll rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

2 I'll glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
 All suff'rings, while my Lord be here ;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
 And we attempt the work alone,
 When new temptations spring and rise,
 We find how great our weakness is.

5 So Sampson, when his hair was lost,
 Met the *Philistines* to his cost ;
 Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
 Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

XVI. *Hosanna to Christ*, Mat. xxi. 9. Lu. xix. 38.

1 **H**O S A N N A to the royal Son,
 Of *David*'s antient line,
 His natures two, his person one,
 Myster'ous and divine.

2 The root of *David* here we find,
 And offspring is the same ;
 Eternity, and time are join'd
 In our *Eman'el*'s name.

3 Blest He who comes to wretched men
 With peaceful news from heav'n !
Hosannas of the highest strain
 To *Christ* the Lord be giv'n !

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
 Th' *hosanna* on their tongues,
 Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
 Their silence into songs.

XVII. *Victory over Death*, 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

1 **O** For an over-coming faith
 To cheer my dying hours,
 To triumph o'er the monster death,
 And all his frightful pow'rs.

2 Joyful,

- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry grave?
And where the monster's sting?
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside ;
The law gave sin its damning pow'r ;
But *Christ*, my ransom, dy'd.
- 4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Through *Christ* our living Head.

XVIII. *Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.*

Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the favor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in *Jesus*, and are blest ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

XIX. *The song of Simeon*, Luke i. 27, &c.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy *Simeon* came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
O make our joys the same !
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,

When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy Child !

3 Now I can leave this world, he cry'd,
Behold thy servant dies ;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 This is the light prepar'd to shine
Upon the Gentile lands,
Thine Isr'el's glory and their hope
To break their slavish bands.

[5 Jesus ! the vision of thy face,
Hath over-pow'ring charms !
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll !
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

XX. *Spiritual apparel, viz. the robe of righteousness and garments of salvation, Isa. lxi. 10.*

1 **A** WAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice ;
God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.

2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine ;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He made his grace to shine.

3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear !

These ornaments, how bright they shine !
How white the garments are !

5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace ;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of right'ousness.

6 Strangely my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three !
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

XXI. *A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men;*
Rev. xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4.

1 **L** O, what a glor'ous sight appears
To our believing eyes !
The earth and seas are pass'd away ;
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
Mortals behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King !

4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode !
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And He the loving God.

5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die !

6 How long, dear Saviour ! O, how long !
Shall this bright hour delay ?

Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

XXII. and XXIII. *Referred to the 125th Psalm.*

XXIV. *The rich sinner dying,* Psal. xlix. 6, 9.
Eccl. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

1 **I**N vain these wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain,
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

2 Their golden cord'als cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.

3 Their ling'ring, their unwilling souls
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewell,
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where Kings and slaves have equal thrones :
Their bones without distinction lie
Among the heap of meaner bones.

The rest referred to the 49th Psalm.

XXV. *A vision of the Lamb,* Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

1 **A**LL mortal vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears :
Behold, amidst th' eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.

[2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore ;
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
His wisdom perfect as his pow'r.

3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him who sits upon the throne :
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.

4 All

4 All the assembled saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And, in new songs of gospel sound
Address their honors to his name.

{ 5 The joy, the shout, the harmony
Flies o'er the everlasting hills :
Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
To read the book, to loose the seals. }

6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb who once was slain,
To be our teacher and our King !

7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs ;
His grace and veng'ance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood ;
And wretches who did once rebel,
Are now made fav'rites of their GOD.

9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
Who dy'd for treasons not his own,
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne !

XXVI. *Hope of Heaven, by the resurrection of Christ, 1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.*

1 **B**LEST be the everlasting GOD,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What

3 What though our inbred sins require
 Our flesh to see the dust,
 Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
 So all his foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine
 Reserv'd against that day,
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 And cannot waste away.

5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,
 'Till the salvation come ;
 We walk by faith, as strangers here,
 'Till Christ shall call us home.

XXVII. *Assurance of Heaven*, 2 Tim. iv. 6, &c.

[1] **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
 And bear my spirit home ;
 Why do my minutes move so slow,
 Nor my salvation come ?

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
 The battles of the Lord,
 Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
 And wait the sure reward.]

3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
 A crown which cannot fade ;
 The gracious Judge, at that great day
 Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone ;
 But all who love, and long to see
 Th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus the Lord, shall guard me safe
 From ev'ry ill design ;
 And to his heav'nly kingdom lead
 This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain ;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

XXVIII. *The triumph of Christ over the enemies of his Church, Isa. xliii. 1, 2, 3, &c.*

1 **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate.

2 The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victor'ous King :
" 'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,
" That your salvation bring."

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,
Why thine apparel red ?
Why all thy vesture stain'd like those
Who in the wine-press tread ?

4 " I by myself have trod the press,
" And crush'd my foes alone ;
" My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
" My fury stamp'd them down.

5 " 'Tis Edom's blood which dyes my robes
" With joyful scarlet stains ;
" The triumph which my raiment wears
" Sprung from their bleeding veins.

6 " Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
" Which dare insult my saints ;
" I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
" An ear for their complaints."

XXIX. *Second part ; or, the ruin of Antichrist,*
ver. 4, 5, 6, 7,

1 " **I**LIFT my banner, saith the Lord,
" Where antichrist has stood ;

The

- 1 " The city of my gospel's foes
 " Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 " My heart has study'd just revenge,
 " And now the day appears,
- 3 " The year of my redeem'd is come,
 " To wipe away their tears.
- 3 " Quite weary is my patience grown,
 " And bids my fury go :
- 4 " Swift as the lightning it shall move,
 " And be as fatal too.
- 4 " I call for helpers, but in vain :
 " Then has my gospel none ?
- 5 " Well, mine own arm has might enough
 " To crush my foes alone.
- 5 " Slaughter and my devouring sword
 " Shall walk the streets around,
- 6 " Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
 " And stagger to the ground."

6 Thy honors, O victor'ous King !
 Thine own right hand shall raise,
 While we thy awful veng'ance sing,
 And our deliv'rer praise.

XXX. *Prayer for deliverance answered, Isa. xxvi.*
 8—20.

1 **I**N thine own ways, O God of love,
 We wait the visits of thy grace ;
 Our souls desire is to thy name,
 And the remembrance of thy face.

2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
 'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night ;
 My earnest cries salute the skies
 Before the dawn restore the light.

3 Look how rebell'ous men deride
 The tender patience of my God ;

But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

4 Hark ! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of musick to his friends,
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

5 Come, children, to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace,
'Till the fierce storms be overblown,
And my revenging fury cease.

6 My sword shall boast it's thousand's slain,
And drink the blood of haughty kings,
While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

XXXI. *Referred to the 1st Psalm.*

XXXII. *Strength from Heaven, Is. xl. 27, &c.*

1 **W**HENCE do our mournful tho'ts arise ?
And where's our courage fled ?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead ?

2 Have we forgot th' almighty name
Which form'd the earth and sea ?
And can an all creating arm
Grow weary or decay ?

3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our *Jehovah* dwell ;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.

4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease ;
But we who wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.

5 The saints shall mount on eagle's wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,

'Till

'Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

The XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV, XXXVI,
XXXVII, XXXVIII, referred to Psalm cxxxii,
cxxxiv, lxvii, lxxiii, xc and lxxxiv.

XXXIX. God's tender care of his Church, Isa.
xlix, 13, 14, &c.

1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song ;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

2 **G**OD on his thirsty Sion hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To show'r salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspicions and complaints ?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints ?

4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And, 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,
Her suckling have no room ?

5 Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,
And mothers monsters prove,
Sion still dwells upon the heart
Of everlasting love.

6 Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name,
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame.

XL. The business and blessedness of glorified Saints,
Rev. vii. 13, 14, 15, &c.

1 **W**HAT happy men, or angels these,
That all their robes are spotless white ?

Whence

Whence did this glor'ous troop arrive
At the pure realms of heav'nly light ?

2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came :
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th' almighty throne
With loud hosannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One
Measure their bless'd eternity.

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls;
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To skreen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb, who fills the middle throne,
Shall shed around his milder beams ;
There shall they feast on his rich love,
And drink full joys from living streams.

6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
Thro' the vast round of endless years,
While the soft hand of sov'reign grace
Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

XLI. *The Matyrs glorified, Rev. vii. 13, &c.*

1 **T**HESE glor'ous minds, how bright they shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day ?

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne ;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face
 Among his saints reside,
 While the rich treasure of his grace
 Sees all their wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
 And hunger flee as fast ;
 The fruit of life's immortal tree
 Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
 Where living fountains rise,
 And love divine shall wipe away
 The sorrows of their eyes.

XLII. *Divine wrath and mercy*, Na. i. 1, 2, 3, &c.

- 1 **A**DORE and tremble, for our GOD
 Is a **consuming fire* ; [**Heb. xii. 29.*]
 His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
 And raise his vengeance high'r.
- 2 Almighty vengeance, how it burns !
 How bright his fury glows !
 Vast magazines of plagues and storms
 Lie treasur'd for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees
 Are forc'd into a flame,
 But kindled, oh ! how fierce they blaze
 And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach the mountains flee,
 And seek a wat'ry grave ;
 The frightened sea makes haste away,
 And shrinks up ev'ry wave.
- 5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks
 Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd :
 Who dares engage the fiery rage,
 Which shakes the solid world ?
- 6 Yet, mighty GOD ! thy sov'reign grace
 Sits regent on the throne, The

The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.

7 Thy hands shall on rebell'ous kings
A fiery tempest pour,
While we, beneath thy shelt'ring wings,
Thy just revenge adore.

XLIII. Referred to Psalm c. and XLIV, to
Psalm cxxxiii.

XLV. *The last judgment*, Rev. xxi, 5, 6, 7, 8.

1 **S**E E where the great incarnate GOD
Fills a majestic throne !
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.

[2 " I am the first, and I the last,
" Through endless years the same ;
" I AM is my memorial still,
" And my eternal name.

3 " Such favors as a GOD can give,
" My royal grace bestows ;
" Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
" Where life and pleasure flows.]

[4 " The saint, who triumphs o'er his sins,
" I'll own him for a son ;
" The whole creation shall reward
" The conquests he has won.

5 " But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
" And all the lying race,
" The faithless and the scoffing crew,
" Who spurn at offer'd grace.

6 " They shall be taken from my sight
" Bound with an iron chain,
" And headlong plung'd into the lake
" Where fire and darkness reign."]

7 O may I stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled !

And hear the Judge pronounce my name
With blessings on my head !

3 May I with those for ever dwell,
Who here were my delight,
While sinners, banish'd down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

XLVI, XLVII. Referred to Psalm cxlviii, & iii.

XLVIII. *The christian race*, Is. xl. 28, 29, &c.

1 **A** WAKE our souls (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'z
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and drop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount a loft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

XLIX. *Works of Moses & the Lamb*, Re. xv. 3.

1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God !
Who would not fear thy name ?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are !
Who would not love the Lamb ?

2 He has done more than *Moses* did,
Our Prophet and our King ;

From

From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the *red sea* by *Moses* hand
Th' *Egyptian* host was drown'd ;
But his own blood bides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the *desart* *Isr'el* went,
With *manna* they were fed ;
Our Lord invites us to his *flesh*,
And calls it *living bread*.

5 *Moses* beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place ;
But Christ shall bring his foll'wers home
To see his *Father's* face.

6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of *Moses* and the *Lamb*.

L. *Light and salvation by Jesus Christ*, Luke
i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

1 **N**OW be the *God of Isr'el* blest,
Who makes his truth appear,
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

2 Now he bedews old *David's* root
With blessings from the skies ;
He makes the branch of promise shoot,
The promis'd horn arise.

[3] *John* was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour-GOD
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins :

While grace divine with heav'nly love
In its own glory shines.

5 " Behold the Lamb of God, he cries,
" Who takes our guilt away :
" I saw the spirit o'er his head,
" On his baptising day.]

6 " Be ev'ry vale exalted high ;
" Sink ev'ry mountain low ;
" The proud must stoop, and humble souls
" Shall his salvation know.

7 " The *heathen* realms with *Isr'el's* land,
" Shall join in sweet accord ;
" And all that's born of man shall see
" The glory of the Lord.

8 " Behold the morning-star arise,
" Ye who in darkness sit ;
" He marks the path which leads to peace,
" And guides our doubtful feet."

LI. *Persevering grace*, Jude 24, 25.

1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserve us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer GOD,
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

LII. *Baptism*, Matt. xxviii. 19, Acts ii. 38.

1 **T**WAS the commission of the Lord,
Go teach the nations and baptize;
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And seals his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the darksome Gentile lands.

3 *Repent and be baptiz'd*, he saith,
For the remission of your sins;
And thus our sense affi'sts our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our GOD
Descends, like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great Eternal Three
In heav'n our solemn vows record!

LIII. *The holy Scriptures*, Heb. i. 1. 2. Tim. iii.
15, 16. Psalm cxlvii. 19. 20.

1 **G**OD, who in var'ous methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

2 The nations read the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.

3 GOD'S

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd ;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye happy lands, who read his love
In long epistles, from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To ev'ry land) praise ye the Lord.

LV. *Saints below'd in Christ, Eph. i. 3, &c.*

1 *JESUS, we bless thy Father's name ;*
Thy God and ours are both the same :
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Fall down to sinners thro' his Son !

2 *Christ be my first clear,* he said,
Then chose our souls in *Christ our head,*
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin ;
Or characters were then decreed,
Blameless in love, a holy seed.

4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once ;
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.

5 With *Christ our Lord we share our part*
In the affections of his heart ;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his first belov'd.

LV. *Sickness and recovery, Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.*

1 *WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress*
Our God deserves a song ;
We take the pattern of our praise
From *Hezekiah's tongue.*

- 2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he who holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.
- 3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears ;
Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years.
- 4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or, like a dove, we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.
- 5 *Jebovah* speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands :
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.
- 6 If half the springs of life should break,
He can our frame restore :
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

LVI. *Babylon falling*, Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19. xvii. 6.

- 1 **W**E sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name :
The christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 2 Great GOD, how wond'rous are thy works
Of veng'ance, and of grace !
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways !
- 3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne ?
Thy judgments speak thine holiness
Thro' all the nations known.
- 4 Great *Babylon*, which rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood, Her

Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our GOD.

5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs ;
Strong is the Lord, her Sov'reign Judge,
And shall fulfil her plagues.

LVII. *Original sin*, Ro. v. 12. Ps. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original ;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall.

2 To all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill ;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind !
How obstinate our will !

[3 Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state)
Before we draw our breath ;
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

4 How strong in our degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins !

5 Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be ;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree.

6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring ?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring ?

7 Yet, mighty GOD, thy wond'rous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death and sin.

8 The

8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first ;
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r,
Which new creates our dust !

LVIII. *The Devil vanquished*, Rev. xii. 7.

1 **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael stood
Chief gen'ral of th' eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail :
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

3 Down to the earth was satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell ;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

4 Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning pow'r ;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more !

5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down :
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown,

6 Rejoice ye heav'ns ; let ev'ry star
Shine with new glories round the sky :
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,
Raife your Deliv'r'r's name on high.

LIX. *Babylon fallen*, Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

1 **I**N Gabriel's hand, a mighty stone,
Lies a fair type of *Babylon* :
Prophets, rejoice, and all ye saints,
God shall avenge your long complaints.

2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the mill-stone in the flood ;— Thus

Thus terribly shall Bab'lōn fall—
Sink—and no more be found at a'l.

LX. *The promised Messiah born, Luke i. 46, &c.*

1 **O** UR souls shall magnify the Lord ;
In God, the Saviour we rejoice :
While we repeat the Virgin's song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice.

[2 The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done;
His overshad'wing pow'r and grace
Makes her the mother of a Son.

3 Let ev'ry nation call her bless'd,
And endles's years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd ;
Holy and rev'rend is his name.]

4 To those who fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure :
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

5 He spake to Abra'm and his seed—
In thee shall all the earth be bless'd ;
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

6 But now, no more shall Is'r'el wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn :
Lo, the Desire of nations comes—
Behold, the promis'd Seed is born !

LXI. *Christ coming to judgment, Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.*

1 **N**OW to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he who cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood ;

2 'Tis He who makes us priests and kings,
And brings us, rebels, near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting pow'r confess'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold ! on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye shall see him move ;
Tho' with our fins we pierc'd him once,
Now he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day ;
Come, Lord—nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy char'ots long delay.

LXII. Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God worshipped
by all the creation, Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

2 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to raise thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name

Of him, who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

LXIII. Christ's humiliation & exaltation, Rev. v.

1 **W**HAT equal honors shall we sing,
To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes which angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?

2. Worthy is he who once was slain,
The Prince of Life, who groan'd and dy'd ;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3 Pow'r and domin'on are his due
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar :
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss ;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who lest his weakness on the cross.

5 Honor immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown, without a thorn.

6 Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men :
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And ev'ry creature say—Amen.

LXIV. Adoption, 1 John, iii. 1, &c. Gal. vi. 6.

1 **B**EHOLD, what wond'rous grace
The Father has bestow'd,
On sinners, of a mortal race,
To call them—*Sons of God* !

2 It is no surprizing thing
That we should be unknown ;

The

The *Jewish* world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son :—

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But, when we see our Saviour near,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope, so much divine,
May trials well endure—
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves, beneath the throne ;
Our faith shall *Abba* Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

LXV. *The day of Judgment*, Rev. xi. 15.

1 **L**E T th' sev'nth angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky :
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come :
Jesus, the Lamb, who once wast slain,
For ever live, for ever reign !

3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more :
On wings of vengeance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.

4 Now must the rising dead appear—
Now the decisive sentence hear ;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

LXVI. Christ at his table, Sol. Song i. 2, 3, &c.

1 LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine int'rest in his heav'nly love :
The voice which tells me—*Thou art mine—*
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

2 On thee th' anointing spirit came,
And spreads the favor of thy name ;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

3 *Jesus*, allure me by thy charms,
My soul shall fly into thy arms !
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.

[4 Wonder and pleasure tune our voice,
To speak thy praises and our joys :
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]

5 Tho' in ourselves, deform'd we are,
And black as *Kedar's* tents appear ;
Yet, when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of *Solomon*.

[6 While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing :
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breath like spikenard round the room.]

7 As myrrh, new bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me ;
And, while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

[8 No beams of cedar, or of fir
Can with thy courts on earth compare ;
And here we wait, until thy love
Raite us to nobler seats above.]

LXVII. *Seeking the pastures of Christ, the Shepherd, Solomon's Songs, i. 7.*

1 **T**HOU, whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow ?

2 Where is the shadow of that Rock,
Which from the sun defends thy flock ?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
Who turns aside to paths unknown ?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

[4 The footsteps of thy flock I see—
Thy sweetest pastures, here they be ;
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans and tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood :
Here to these hills my soul will come,
'Till my beloved lead me home.]

LXVIII. *Banquet of Love, Sol. Song, ii 1, 2, &c.*

1 **B**EHOLD the Rose of *Sharon* here,
The Lily which the vallies bear !
Behold the tree of life, which gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves !

2 Among the thorns so lilies shine,
Among wild gourds the noble vine :
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

3 Beneath his cooling shade I sit,
To shield me from the burning heat ;

Of heav'ly fruit he spread a feast,
To feed my eyes, and please my taste.

4 Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stood the banquet of his grace ;
He saw me faint, and, o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

5 With living bread, and gen'rous wine,-
He chear'd this sinking heart of mine ;
And op'ning his own heart to me,
He shew'd his thoughts, how kind they be.

6 O never let my Lord depart !
Lie down, and rest upon my heart ;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Disturb, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

LXIX. Christ appearing to his Church, and seeking her company, Sol. Song ii. 8, 9, 10, 11, &c.

1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds ;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief !

2 Now through the veil of flesh I see,
With eyes of love he looks on me ;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.

3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beautie and his tongue ;
Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

4 The Jewish swint'ry state is gone,
The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
The sacred turtle-dove we hear,
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

5 Th' immortal vine, of heav'ly root,
Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit :

Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.

6 And when we hear our Jesus say—
Rise up, my love, and haste away !
Our hearts would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

LXX. Christ inviting, and the Church answering—
the invitation, Sol. Song ii. 14, 16, 17.

[1] **H**ARK ! the Redeemer from on high,
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh ;
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks, and calls us out.

2 *My dove, who bidest in the rock,*
Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
And let thy voice delight mine ear.

3 *Thy voice, to me, sounds ever sweet ;*
My graces in thy count'rance meet :
Tho' the vain world thy face despise,
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.

4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives,
The hope thine invitation gives :
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer and of praise.]

[5] I am my Love's and he is mine ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join ;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise, to grieve my Lord.

6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Among the lilies, where he feeds,
Among the saints (whose robes are white
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.

7 'Till the day break, and shadows flee,
'Till the sweet dawning light I see,

Thine

Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

8 Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin ;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my fide.]

LXXI. *Christ found in the street, and brought to the Church*, Sol. Song, iii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

1 **O** FTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight :
With warm desire and restless thought,
I seek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I arise, and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet ;
I ask the watchman of the night,
Where did you see my soul's delight ?

3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray ;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

[4 I bring him to my mother's home,
(Nor does my Lord refuse to come)
To Sion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart ;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]

6. I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys ;
Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,
To cause my Saviour to depart.

LXXII. *The coronation of Christ, and espousals of the Church,* Sol. Song, iii. 2.

1 DAUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept the well-deserv'd renoun,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3 Let ev'ry act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord to thee ;
Like the dear hour, when from above,
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

4 The gladness of that happy day
Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5 O ! let each minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation day !
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

LXXIII. *The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ.* Sol. Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 8, 9.

1 KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word ;
Lo, thou art fair, my love, he cries,
Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.

[2 Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
Salutes mine ear with secret joys ;

No spice so much delights the smell,
Nor milk, nor honey tastes so well.]

3 Thou art all fair, my bride to me,
I will behold no spot in thee :
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comelinel on worms !

4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white and calls us fair ;
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
His graces and his right'ousness.

5 My sister and my spouse, he cries
Bound to my heart by var'ous ties ;
Thy pow'rful love my heart retains,
In strong delight, and pleasing chains.

6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From the wild world of beasts and men,
To Sion where his glories are—
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains
Shall hold my feet or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

LXXIV. *The church, the garden of Christ, Sol.*
Songs iv. 12, 13, 15, and v. 1.

1 **W**E are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground ;
A little spot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand ;
And all his springs in Sion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake O heav'nly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume ;

Spirit divine, descend and breath,
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour GOD ;
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

[5 Let my beloved come, and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast :—
I come my spouse, I come he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes ;
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk or wine.

7 Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
The blessings which my Father sends ;
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love.

8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord :
But the rich food, on which we live,
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

LXXV. *The description of Christ, the beloved,*
Scl. Sol. v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.

1 **T**HE wond'ring world enquire to know,
Why I should love my Jesus so :
What are his charms, say they above
The objects of a mortal love ?

2 Yes my beloved to my sight
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white :
All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved meet and shine.

3 White is his soul from blemish free ;
Red with the blood he shed for me ;

The fairest of ten thousand fairs—
A sun among ten thousand stars ;

[4 His head the finest gold excels ;
There wisdom, in perfection, dwells,
And glory, like a crown, adorns
Those temples once beset with thorns.

5 Compassions in his heart are found,
Hard by the signals of his wound :
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

[6 His hands are fairer to behold
Than di'monds set in rings of gold ;
Those heav'nly hands which on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me !

7 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs, like marble pillars, stand.]

[8 His eyes are majesty and love—
The eagle temper'd with the dove ;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Tho' these dear windows of his soul.]

9 His mouth which pour'd out long complaints
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints :
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd and yet ador'd ;
His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

LXXVI. Christ dwells in heaven, but visits *on* earth, Sol. Song, vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

1 **W**HEN strangers stand, and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell ;
Where

Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they may seek and love him too.

2 My best Beloved keeps his throne
On hills of light, in worlds unknown :
But he descends, and shews his face
In the young gardens of his grace.

[3 In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand ;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move ;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell shall make us part.]

[5 He takes my soul e're I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are ;
No char'ot of Amminadib
The heav'nly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith, above the skies,
'Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.

LXXVII. *The love of Christ to the Church, Sol.*
Song vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

1 **N**OW in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the king, and thus he says ;
How fair my saints are in my sight,
My love, how pleasant for delight !

2 Kind is thy language, sov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in every word ;
From that dear mouth, a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip
Of saints who were almost asleep,

To speak the praises of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame;

4 These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below ;
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5 In paradise, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits ;
Fruits, new and old, laid up in store,
There we shall feed—but thirst no more.

LXXVIII. *Strength of Christ's love and the soul's jealousy of her own, Sol. Song, viii. 5, &c.*

[1] **W**HO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness?
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

2 This is the spouse of Christ, our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood,
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.]

3 " O let my name engraven stand,
" Both on thy heart, and on thy hand :
" Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
" That pledge of love forever there.

4 " Stronger than death, my love is known,
" Which floods of wrath could never drown ;
" And hell, and earth, in vain combine,
" To quench a fire so much divine.

5 " But I am jealous of my heart,
" Lest it should once from thee depart ;
" Then let thy name be well imprest'd,
" As a fair signet on my breast.

6 " 'Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
" Where fears and doubts can never come ;

"They

“ Thy count’nance, let me often see,
 “ And often thou shalt hear from me.
 7 “ Come, my beloved, haste away,
 “ Cut short the hours of thy delay ;
 “ Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
 “ Over the hills where spices grow.”

LXXIX. *A Morning Hymn, Psalm xix. 5, 8,
 and lxxiii. 24, 25.*

1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
 And, like a giant, doth rejoice
 To run his journey through the skies.

2 From the fair chambers of the east,
 The circuit of his race begins—
 And, without weariness or rest,
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
 Th’ appointed duties of the day ;
 With ready mind and active will,
 March on, and keep my heav’ly way !

4 But I shall rove, and loose the race,
 If God, my Sun, should disappear,
 And leave me in this world’s wild maze
 To follow ev’ry wand’ring star.

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
 Enlight’ning our beclouded eyes ;
 Thy threat’nings just, thy promise sure,
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss :
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold, compar’d with this.

LXXX. *An Evening Hymn, Psalm iv. 8, and iii. 5, 6, and cxliii. 8.*

1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far, his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memor'al of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep,
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things ;
My God, in safety, makes me dwell
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 Faith in his name for dids my fear :
O may thy presence ne'er depart !
And, in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait my voice—to rouse my tomb—
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

LXXXI. *A Song for Morning or Evening,*
Lam. iii. 23, Isa. xiv. 7.

1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guard'an of my sleeping hours ;

Thy

Thy Sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee, I consecrate my days :
Perpet' al blessings from thine hand
Demand perpet' al songs of praise.

LXXXII. *God far above creatures, Job iv. 17, 21.*

SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator GOD ?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than He ?

2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne ;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just nor wise.

3 But how much meaner things are they,
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay ?
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight ;
Bury'd in dust, whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.

5 Almighty Pow'r, to thee we bow ;
How frail are we ! how glor'ous thou !—
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal GOD compare !

LXXXIII. *Afflictions under providence, Job, v. 6.*

1 **N**O T from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance ;
Yet we are born to cares and woes ;
A sad inheritance !

2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne ;

So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace ;—
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and right'ousness.

4 Not all the pains which e'er I bore,
Shall spoil my future peace—
For death and hell, can do more
Than what my Father please.

LXXXIV. *Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ, Isa. xiv. 21—25.*

1 JEHOVAH speaks—let Isr'el hear !
Let all the earth rejoice and fear ;
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign honors, and his names :—

2 “ I am the last, and I the first,
“ The Saviour God, and God the just ;
“ There's none beside pretends to shew
“ Such justice, and salvation too.

3 “ Ye, who in shades of darkness dwell,
“ Just on the verge of death and hell—
“ Look up to me, from distant lands,
“ Light, life, and heav'n, are in my hands.

4 “ I by my holy name have sworn,
“ Nor shall the word in vain return ;
“ To me shall all things bend the knees,
“ And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.

5 “ In ME alone, shall men confess
“ Lies all their strength and right'ousness ;
“ But such as dare despise my name,
“ I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

6 “ In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
“ Of Isr'el, from their sins be freed ;

“ And

“ And, by their shining graces prove,
“ Their int’rest in my pard’ning love.”

LXXXV. *The same.*

1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead, from his throne ;
“ Mercy and justice are the names
“ By which I will be known.

2 “ Ye dying souls, who sit
“ In darkness and distress,
“ Look from the borders of the pit
“ To my recov’ring grace.”

3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
Our right’ousness and strength are found
In Thee, the Lord alone.

4 In Thee, shall Isr’el trust,
And see their guilt forgiv’n ;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heav’n.

LXXXVI. God *holy, just, & sovereign*. Job, ix. 2,

1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam’s race
Be pure before their God ;
If he command in right’ousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts
I’ll make no more pretence ;
Not one, of all my thousand faults,
Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;
What vain presumers dare
Against their maker’s hand to rise,
O ’tempt th’ unequal war ?

4 Mountains by his Almighty wrath,
From their own seats are torn ;

He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obed'ent sun forbears !

His hand with sack-cloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the stormy sea—
Flies on the stormy wind ;

There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

LXXXVII. *God dwells with the humble and penitent, Isa. lvii. 15, 16.*

1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,
" I sit upon my holy throne ;
" My name is G O D, I dwell on high—
" Dwell in mine own eternity.

2 " But I descend to worlds below—
" On earth, I have a mansion too :
" The humble spirit and contrite
" Is an abode of my delight.

3 " The humble soul, my words revive,
" I bid the mourning sinner live ;
" Heal all the broken hearts I find,
" And ease the sorrows of the mind.

[4 " When I contend against their sin,
" I make them know—*how vile they've been* ;
" But should my wrath for ever smoke,
" Their souls would sink beneath the stroke."

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die !
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.]

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII. *Life, the day of Grace and Hope*
Eccles. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

[2 Life is the hour which God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n ;
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie :
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

[4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

LXXXIX. *Youth and Judgment*, Eccl. xi. 9.

1 **Y**OUNG sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongues,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.

2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine ;

Enjoy

Enjoy the day of mirth—but know
There is a day of judgment too !

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults ;
The works of darkness you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.

4 The vengeance, to your follies due,
Should strike your hearts with terror through ;
How will you stand before his face,
Or answer for his injur'd grace ?

5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From the alluring vanities !
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

XC. *The same.*

1 **L**O, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And thro' all nature rove ;
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

2 They give a loose to wild desires ;
But let the sinners know,
The strict account, which God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high ;
The frightened earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test ?
I give all mortal joys away
To be for ever blest.

XCI. *Advice to Youth, Eccl. xii. 1, 7,*

1 **N**OW, in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your Creator God :

Behold

Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say—*my joys are gone!*

2 Behold, the aged sinner goes
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again ;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,
But nears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King ! I fear thy name ;
Teach me to know—how frail I am—
And, when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love,

XCII. Christ, *Wisdom of God*, Pro. viii. 1, 22, 32.

1 **S**HALL Wisdom cry aloud.

S And not her speech be heard ?
The voice of God's eternal WORD,
Deserves it no regard ?

2 " I was his chief delight,
" His everlasting Son,
" Before, the first of all his works,
" Creation was begun.

[3 " Before the flying clouds,
" Before the solid land,
" Before the fields, before the floods,
" I dwelt at his right hand.

4 " When he adorn'd the skies,
" And built them—I was there,
" To order when the sun should rise,
" And martial ev'ry star.

5 " When he pour'd out the sea,
" And spread the flowing deep,

I gave

I gave the flood a firm decree,
" —In its own bounds to keep.—

6 " Upon the empty air
" The earth was ballanc'd well ;
" With joy I saw the mansion where
" The sons of men should dwell.

7 " My busy thoughts at first
" On their salvation ran,
" E'er sin was born, or Adam's dust
" Was fashion'd to a man.

8 " Then come, receive my grace,
" Ye children, and be wise ;
" Happy the man who keeps my ways,
" The man who shuns them, dies."

XIII. *Wisdom obeyed or resisted, Pro. viii. 34, 36.*

THUS saith the wisdom of the Lord—
" Blest is the man who hears my word,
" Keeps daily watch before my gates,
" And, at my feet, for mercy waits.

2 " The soul, who seeks me, shall obtain
" Immortal wealth, and heav'nly gain ;
" Immortal life is his reward—
" Life—and the favour of the Lord.

3 " But the vile wretch, who flies from me,
" Doth his own soul an injury ;
" Fools, who against my grace rebel,
" Seek death—and love the road to hell."

XIV. — *Justification by Faith, not by Works—*
Rom. iii. 19—22.

1 **V**AIN are the hopes, the sons of men
On their own works have built ;
Their hearts, by nature, all unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmur'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty, before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's right'ous law
To justify us now ;
Since—to convince, and to condemn—
Is all the Law can do.

4 Jesus how glor'ous is thy grace,
When in thy Name we trust !
Our faith receives a right'ousness
Which makes the sinner just.

XCV. *Regeneration*, John i. 13, and iii. 3, &c.

1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites, which God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.

2 The sov'reign will of God, alone
Creates us heirs of grace ;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new pecul'ar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh ;
New-models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quick'ned souls awake—and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

XCVI. *Election excludes boasting*, 1 Cor. i. 26, 31.

1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of Grace.

2 He takes the men of meanest name,
For sons and heirs of God ;
And thus, he pours abundant shame
On honorable blood.

3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

4 Nature has all its glory lost,
When brought before his throne :
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

XCVII. Christ, *our Righteousness*, 1 Cor. i. 30.

1 **B**URY'D in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restores the light ;
Wisdom decends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
'Tis his atoning blood appears ;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing—*the Lord our Right'ousness !*

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin ;
His spirit makes our natures clean ;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in Thee posses
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and right'ousness ;
Thou art our mighty ALL—and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

XCVIII. *The same.*

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night—
Which hangs upon our eyes ;
'Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise !
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n ;
'Till in his right'ousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls, in vain ;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord—we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God—
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood !

XCIX. *Stones made children of Abraham, Mat. iii. 9.*

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes which rebels place—
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race—
(*Their fathers now with God.*)
- 2 He, from the caves of earth and hell
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abr'am well
With new created sons.
- 3 Such wond'rous pow'r he doth possess,
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness—
The world obey'd, and came.

C. *Believe, and be saved, John iii. 16, 17, 18.*

1 **N**OT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ, the Son of God appear :
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God—
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name, and live ;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels, who refuse his grace ;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

CI. *Joy in heaven for a repenting sinner, Lu. xv.*

1 **W**HO can describe the joys, which rise
Thro' all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born ?

2 With joy, the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The son, with joy, looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies..

3 The spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul, he form'd anew :
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

CII—*The Beatitudes, Matt. v, 2—12.*

1 **B**LEST are the humble souls, who see
Their emptiness and poverty ;

Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]

[2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.]

[3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.]

[4 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace ;
Hunger and long for right'ousness ;
They shall be well supply'd, and fed
With living streams and living bread.]

[5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ, the Lord, they shall obtain
Like sympathy, and love again.]

[6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean,
From the defiling pow'r of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall fee
A God of spotless purity.]

[7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd—the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God—the God of peace.]

[8 Blest are the suff'rers, who partake
Of pain and shame, for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

CIII. *Not ashamed of the Gospel*, 2 Tim. i. 12.

I **I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,

Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his Cross.

2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name,
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne, his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
'Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face ;
And, in the new Jerusalem,
Appoint my soul a place.

CIV. *State of nature and grace, 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.*

1 **N**O T the malicious or profane,
The wanton, or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor fland'rers shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprizing grace ! And such were we
By nature, and by sin ;
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd thro' his name ;
And the good spirit of our God
Has sanctify'd our frame.

4 O, for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands !
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

CV. *Heaven invisible and holy*, 1 Cor. iii. 9, 10.
Rev. xxi. 27.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the father has prepar'd
For those who love his Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come ;
The beams of glory, in his word,
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace :
No wanton lips, nor env'ous eye,
Can see or taste the blifs.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
'To tread the heav'nly ground.

CVI. *Dead to sin by the cross of Christ*, Ro. vi. 1.

- 1 **S**HALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds ?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God !
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,

Has nail'd our tyrants to the cross,
And bought our liberty.

CVII. The Fall and Recovery of Man : Or,
Christ and Satan at enmity, Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17,
Gal. iv. 4, Col. ii. 15.

1 **D**ECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam, our head, our father, fell ;
When satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit which GOD forbid.

2 Death was the threat'ning : Death began
To take possession of the man ;
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.

3 But satan found a worse reward ;
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord—
“ Let everlasting hatred be
“ Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

4 “ The woman's seed shall be my son ;
“ He shall destroy what thou hast done—
“ Shall break thy head—and only feel
“ Thy malice raging at his heel.”

[5 He spake—and bid four thousand years
Roll on—at length his son appears ;
Angels, with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies !
But, as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

CVIII. Christ unseen and beloved, 1 Pet. i. 8.

1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.

2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.

3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

CIX. *The Value of Christ, and his righteousness,*
Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.

1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done ;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

4 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
O, may my soul be found in Him,
And of his righteousness partake !

4 The best obed'ence of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

CX. *Death and immediate Glory, 2 Cor. v. 1,5,8.*

1 **T**HREE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high ;
And here, my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly, this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd, and fall ;

Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his Almighty grace,
Who forms thee fit for heav'n ;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come—
Faith lives upon his word ;
But, while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

CXI. *Salvation by Grace*, Titus iii. 3—7.

[1] **L**ORD, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been !
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, forever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways,
Of follies sin, and shame !]

[3] 'Tis not thy works of right'ousness,
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are sav'd by SOV'REIGN GRACE,
Abounding thro' his Son.]

4 'Tis from the mercy of our GOD
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis through the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,

The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew—
And justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

CXII. *Looking to Jesus*, John iii. 14—16.

1 **S**O did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immed'ate ease,
The camp forebore to die.

3 *Look upward in the dying hour,*
And live—the prophet cries ;—
But, Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

2 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High o'er the heav'ns he reigns ;
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives ;
The Jew beholds the glor'ous hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

CXIII. *Abraham's Blessings on the Gentiles*,
Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 **H**OW large the promise ! how divine !
To Abr'am, and his seed ;
“ —I'll be a God to thee and thine,
“ Supplying all their need.”—

2 The words of this extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

- 3 Jesus, the ancient faith confirms,
 'To our great fathers giv'n ;
 He takes young children to his arms,
 And calls them—*heirs of heav'n.*
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !
 His love endures the same ;
 Nor from the promise of his grace
 Blots out the children's name.

CXIV. *The same.* Romans xi. 16, 17.

- 1 GENTILES by nature, we belong
 To the wild olive wood ;
 Grace takes us from the barren tree,
 And grafts us in the good.
- 2 With the same blessings grace endows
 The Gentile and the Jew ;
 If pure and holy be the Root,
 Such are the branches too.
- 3 Then, let the children of the saints
 Be dedicate to God ;
 Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
 And wafn them in thy blood.
- 4 Thus, to the Parents and their seed,
 Shall thy salvation come,
 And num'rous households meet at last
 In one eternal home.

CXV. *Conviction of sin by the law,* Ro. vii. 8, &c.

- 1 L ORD, how secure my conscience was,
 And felt no inward dread ;
 I was alive, without the law,
 And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,
 But since the precept came
 With a convincing pow'r and light,
 I find how vile I am.

[3 My guilt appear'd but small before,
 'Till terribly I saw—
 How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
 Was thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load ;
 My sins reviv'd again ;
 I had provok'd a dreadful God,
 And all my hopes were slain.]

5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
 Under the pow'r of sin ;
 I cannot do the good I would,
 Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I'll cry with ev'ry breath,
 For some kind pow'r to save,
 To break the yoke of sin and death,
 And thus redeem the slave.

CXVI. *Love to God & our neighbor*, Mat. xxii.

1 **T**HUS saith the first and great command,
 " Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
 " To love thy Maker, and thy God,
 " With utmost vigor and delight.

2 " Then shall thy neighbour next in place
 " Share thine affections and esteem,
 " And, let thy kindness to thy self
 " Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense which Moses spoke,
 This did the prophets teach and prove ;—
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

4 But Oh ! how base our passions are !
 How cold our charity and zeal !
 Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

CXVII. *Election, sovereign and free, Ro. ix. 21.*

[1] **B**EHOLD the potter and the clay !
He forms his vessel as he please :
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of his high decrees.

2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend
O'er all the mass, which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use ?]

3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his favors as he will,
Choose some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still ?

[4] What if, to make his terror known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure ?

5 What if he means to show his grace,
And his electing love employs
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heav'nly joys ?

6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust ?

7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

8 Then shall he make his justice known,
And the whole world, before his throne,
With joy or terror, shall confess
The glory of his right'ousness.

CXVIII. Moses & Christ ; or *sins against the law and gospel*, John i. 17. He. iii. 3, 5, 6. x. 28.

1 **T**HE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
Descending from above.

2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done ;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ—a faithful Son.—

3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obed'ence paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sov'reign and the Head.

4 The man who durst despise
The law which Moses brought,
Behold ! how terribly he dies
For his presumpt'ous fault :

5 But sorcer vengeance falls
On that rebell'ous race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls
And dare resist his grace.

CXIX. *The different success of the Gospel*, 1 Cor. i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1 **C**HRIST and his cross are all our theme ;
The myst'ries which we speak,
Are scandal in the Jews' esteem,
And folly to the Greek :

2 But souls, enlightned from above,
With joy receive the word ;
They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath ;

But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 'Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

CXX. *Faith of Things unseen*, Heb. xi. 1, 3, &c.

1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word ;
Abra'm, to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He sought a city, fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands ;
And faith assures us, tho' we die,
That heav'nly building stands.

CXXI. *Children devoted to God*, Gen. xvii. 7,
10, Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.
(*For those who practice Infant Baptism.*)

1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
" I'll be a God to thee ;
" I'll bless thy num'rous race—and they
" Shall be a seed for me."

2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God ;
But water seals the blessing now,
Which once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus

3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word ;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus latter saints, Eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace ;
To thee, their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

CXXII. *Believers buried with Christ in baptism;*
Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.

1 **D**O we not know that solemn word—
That we are bury'd with the Lord ;
Baptiz'd into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin ?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death :
So, from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or satan reign.
Over our mortal flesh again ;
The var'ous lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

CXXIII. *The repenting Prodigal, Lu. xv. 13.*

1 **B**EHOLD the wretch, whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate ;
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.

2 “ I die with hunger here, (he cries)
“ I starve in foreign lands ;
“ My father's house has large supplies,
“ And bount'ous are his hands.

3 “ I'll go, and, with a mournful tongue,
“ Fall down before his face ;

“ Father, I’ve done thy justice wrong,
 “ Nor can deserve thy grace.”

4 He said—and hast’ned to his home,
 ‘To seek his father’s love ;
 The Father saw the rebel come—
 And all his bowels move.

5 He ran—and fell upon his neck,
 Embrac’d and kiss’d his son ;
 The rebel’s heart with sorrow break
 For follies he had done.

6 “ Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
 (The father gives command)
 “ Dress him in garments white and clean,
 “ With rings adorn his hand.

7 A day of feasting I ordain,
 “ Let mirth and joy abound ;
 “ My son was dead, and lives again,
 “ Was lost, and now is found.”

CXXIV. *The first and second Adam, Ro. v. 12.*

1 **D**EEP in the dust, before thy throne,
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;
 Great God, we own th’ unhappy name
 Whence sprung our nature and our shame !

2 Adam, the sinner :—At his fall,
 Death, like a conq’ror, seiz’d us all ;
 A thousand new-born babes are dead
 By fatal union to their head.

3 But while our spirits, fill’d with awe,
 Behold the terrors of thy law,
 We sing the honors of thy grace,
 That sent to save our ruin’d race.

4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
 Who join’d our nature to his own ;

Adam, the second, from the dust,
Raises the ruins of the first.

[5 By the rebellion of one man,
Thro' all his seed the mischief ran ;
And by one man's obed'ence now
Are all his seed made right'ous too.

6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
'There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life—thus glor'ous grace
Reigns thro' the Lord, our right'ousness.

CXXV. Christ's *Compassion to the weak and Tempted*, Heb. iv. 15, 16, & v. 9. Mat. vii. 20.

1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame—
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood ;
While satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

4 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And in his meaſure, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

[5 He'll never quench the smoaking flax,
But raise it to a flame :
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r ;

We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

CXXVI. *Charity and Uncharitableness*, Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

1 **N**OT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress
Compose the kingdom of our Lord—
But peace, and joy, and right'ousness,
Faith, and obed'ence to his word.

2 When weaker christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong ;
For GOD, the grac'ous and the wise,
Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let Pride and wrath be banish'd hence ;
Meekness and love our souls pursue ;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

CXXVII. *Christ's invitation to sinners*, Mat. xi. 28.

1 “**C**OME hither all ye weary souls,
“ Ye heavy-laden sinners come ;
“ I'll give you rest from all your toils,
“ And raise you to my heav'nly home.

2 “ They shall find rest who learn of me ;
“ I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
“ But passion rages like the sea,
“ And pride is restless as the wind.

3 “ Blest is the man whose shoulders take...
“ My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
“ My ycke is easy to my neck,
“ My grace shall make the burthen light.”

4 Jesus, wecome at thy command ;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

CXXVIII.

CXXVIII, *The Apostle's Commission*, Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matthew xxviii. 18, &c.

1 " **G**O preach my gospel, saith the Lord,
" Bid the whole earth my grace receive
" He shall be sav'd who trusts my word,
" He shall be damn'd who won't believe.

[2 " I'll make your great commission known,
" And ye shall prove my gospel true,
" By all the works which I have done,
" By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 " Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
" Go, cast out devils in my name ;
" Nor let my prophets be afraid,
" Tho' Greeks reproach and Jews blaspheme.]

4 " Teach all the nations my commands—
" I'm with you till the world shall end ;
" All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
" I can destroy, and I defend."

5 He spake—and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode ;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended GOD.

CXXIX. *Submission & deliverance*, Gen. xxii. 6.

1 **S**AINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord ;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings *more divine*.

2 So Abra'm, with obed'ent hand,
Led forth his son at GOD's command ;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3 " Abra'm forbear, the angel cry'd,
" Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd ;

" Thy

“ Thy son shall live—and in thy seed
 “ Shall the whole earth be blest indeed.”

4 Just in the last distressing hour
 The Lord displays deliv’ring pow’r ;
 The mount of danger is the place,
 Where we shall see surprizing grace.

CXXX. *Love & hatred*, Phi. ii. 2. Ep. iv. 30.

1 **N**OW by the bowels of my God,
 His sharp distress, his sore complaints ;
 By his last groans, his dying blood,
 I charge my soul to love the saints.

2 Clamor, and wrath, and war, begone—
 Envy and spite for ever cease ;
 Let bitter words no more be known
 Among the saints, the sons of peace.

3 The Spirit like a peaceful dove,
 Flies from the realms of noise and strife ;
 Why should we vex and grieve his love,
 Who seals our souls to heav’nly life ?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts—
 Thro’ all our lives, let mercy run :
 So God forgives our num’rous faults
 For the dear sake of Christ, his Son.

CXXXI. *Pharisee and Publican*, Lu. xviii. 10.

1 **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree—
 The Publican and Pharisee !
 One doth his right’ousness proclaim,
 The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 *This* man at humble distance stands,
 And cries for grace with lifted hands ;
That boldly rises near the throne,
 And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows
The humble soul, with grace he crowns,
While on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee ;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

CXXXII. *Holiness and Grace*, Tit. iii. 10—13.

1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtue shine
To prove the doctrine ALL DIVINE.—

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour GOD ;
When the salvation reigns within
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of our Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

CXXXIII. *Love and Charity*, 1Cor. xiii. 2—7

1 **L**E T Pharisees, of high esteem,
Their faith and zeal declare ;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste ;
She lets the present inj'ry die,
And long forgets the past.

[3] Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue ;
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' she endures the wrong.]

[4] She nor desires, nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time ;
Nor looks with pride on these below,
Nor envies those who climb.]

5 She lays her own advantage by
To seek her neighbor's good ;
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.

6 Love is the grace which keeps her pow'r,
In realms of light above ;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

CXXXIV. *Religion vain without Love*, 1 Cor.
xiii. 1, 2, 3.

1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling bras an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell.
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing, without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a matyr's glor'ous name—

4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent—all my hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

CXXXV. *The love of Christ shed abroad in the Heart, Eph. iii. 16, &c.*

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in ev'ry breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste and feel
The joys which cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the heighth, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

CXXXVI. *Sincerity and Hypocrisy; or Formality in Worship, Jo. iv. 23. Ps. cxxxix. 23.*

1 GOD is a Spirit, just and wise ;
HE sees our inmost mind :
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth, before his throne,
With honor can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known,
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground ;
But GOD abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

CXXXVII. *Salvation by Grace*, 2 Tim. i. 9, 19.

1 **N**OW to the pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting honors giv'n ;
He saves from hell—(we bless his name)
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his mere pleasure which began
To rescue rebels doom'd to die :
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known ;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies—and, in that dreadful night,
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy
Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,
And took possession of the joy.

CXXXVIII. *Saints in the Hands of Christ*,
John x. 28, 29.

1 **F**IRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
If I am found in Jesus' hands
My soul can ne'er be lost.

2 His honor is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
All which his heav'nly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast ;

In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

CXXXIX. *Hope in the Covenant*, Heb. vi. 17, 19.

1 **H**OW oft have sin and satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God ;
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.

2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondr'ous grace ;
Eternal pow'r performs the word,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up ;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

CXL. *A living and a dead Faith*, collected from
several Scriptures.

1 **M**ISTAKEN souls ! who dream of heav'n
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith which works by love ;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith which conquers earth and hell,
By a cœlestia! pow'r ;
This is the grace which shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace ;
A pard'ning God is jealous still,
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean :
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God ;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.]

CXLI. The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ,
Isa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

1 **W**H O has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known ?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy son !

2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief :
Sorrows, his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn ;
But 'twas their griefs upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne ;

4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best-beloved Son.

5 " But

- 5 " But I'll prolong his days,
 " And make his kingdom stand ;
 " My pleasure, (saith the God of Grace)
 " Shall prosper in his hand.
- [6 " His joyful soul shall see
 " The purchase of his pain ;
 " And by his knowledge justify
 " The guilty sons of men.]
- 7 " Ten thousand captive slaves
 " Releas'd from death and sin,
 " Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
 " And own his pow'r divine.]
- [8 " Heav'n shall advance my Son
 " To joys which earth deny'd ;
 " He saw the follies men had done,
 " And bore their sins and dy'd."]

CXLII. *The same, Isa. liii. 6—9, 12.*

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
 And broke the fold of GOD ;
 Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
 But all—the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,
 When GOD our wand'rings laid—
 And did at once his vengeance pour
 Upon the Shepherd's head !
- 3 How glor'ous was the grace,
 When Christ sustain'd the stroke !
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays
 A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honor and his breath
 Were taken both away ;
 Join'd with the wicked, in his death,
 And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head
 O'er all the sons of men,
 And make him see a num'rous seed
 To recompence his pain.

6 " I'll give him (saith the Lord)
 " A portion with the strong ;
 " He shall possess a large reward,
 " And hold his honors long."

CXLIII. *Characters of the Children of God.*

1 **A**s new-born babes desire the breast,
 To feed, and grow, and thrive ;
 So saints, with joy, the gospel taste,
 And by the gospel live.

[2 With inward guilt their heart approves
 All which the word relates ;
 They love the men their Father loves,
 And hate the works he hates.]

[3 Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
 Can make them slaves to lust ;
 They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
 Nor grovel in the dust.

4 Not all the chains which tyrants use,
 Can bind their souls to vice ;
 Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce
 A thousand victories.]

[5 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,
 Abides, and reigns within ;
 Immortal principles forbid
 The sons of God to sin.]

[6 Not by the terrors of a slave
 Do they perform his will ;
 But with the noblest pow'rs they have,
 His sweet commands fulfil.]

7 They find access at ev'ry hour
 To God, within the veil ;
 Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
 And joys, which never fail.

8 O happy souls ! O glor'ous state
 Of ever-flowing grace !
 To dwell so near their Father's seat,
 And see his lovely face !

9 Lord I address thy heav'nly throne—
 Call me a child of thine ;
 Send down the Spirit of thy Son
 To form my heart divine.

10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
 And make my comforts strong ;
 Then shall I say—*My Father, God,*
 With an unwav'ring tongue.

CXLIV—*The witnessing and sealing Spirit,*
 Rom. viii. 14, 16. Eph. i 13, 14.

1 **W**H Y should the children of a king
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend and bring
 Some tokens of thy grace !

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
 And seal the heirs of heav'n ?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And shew my sins forgiv'n.

3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 And thy soft wings, coelest'al Dove !
 Will safe convey me home.

CXLV. *Christ and Aaron, taken from He. vii. 9.*

- 1 J E S U S, in thee, our eyes behold
 A thousand glories more
 Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
 The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burn off 'rings brought
 To purge themselves from sin ;
 Thy life was pure, without a spot.
 And all thy nature clean.
- [3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
 Was on their alter spilt ;
 But thy one off'ring takes away
 For ever, all our guilt.]
- [4 Their priesthood ran thro' sev'ral hands.
 For mortal was their race ;
 Thy never changing office stands
 Eternal as thy days.]
- [5 Once, in the circuit of a year,
 With blood but not his own,
 Aaron within the vail appear'd,
 Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, by his own pow'rful blood,
 Ascends above the skies ;
 And, in the presence of our GOD,
 Shows his own sacrifice.]
- 7 Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
 On Sion's heav'nly hill ;
 Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
 And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede
 Before his Father's face :
 Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
 Nor doubt my Father's grace.

CXLVI.—*Characters of Christ.*—

[1] **G** O, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See, in his face, what wonder's meet !
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

[2] The whole creation can afford
But some saint shadows of my Lord ;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours, not her own.]

[3] *Is He compar'd to Wine or Bread ?*
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed :
That flesh, that dying blood of thine
Is bread of life—is heav'nly wine.]

[4] *Is He a Tree ?* The world receives
Salvation, from his healing leaves :
That right'ous branch, that fruitful bough
Is David's root, and offspring too.]

[5] *Is He a Rose ?* Not sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields :
Or if the *Lilly* he assume,
The vallies bless the RICH PERFUME.

[6] *Is He a Vine ?* His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit :
O, let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine !

[7] *Is He the Head ?* Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives ;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

[8] *Is He a Fountain ?* There I'll bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death :
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

[9 *Is He a Fire?* He'll purge my dross :
But the true gold sustains no loss :
Like a refiner, shall he sit—
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

[10 *Is He a Rock?* How firm he proves !
The Rock of Ages never moves ;
Yet the sweet streams, which from him flow,
Attend us all the desert thro'.]

[11 *Is He a Way?* He leads to God—
The path is drawn in lines of blood ;
There would I walk, with hope and zeal,
'Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]

[12 *Is He a Door?* I'll enter in ;
Behold the pastures, large and green !
A paradise—divinely fair ;
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

[13 *Is He design'd a Corner Stone,*
For men to build their heav'n upon ?
I'll make him my foundation too ;
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

[14 *Is He a Temple?* I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r ;
And still to his most holy place,
When e'er I pray, I'll turn my face.]

[15 *Is He a Star?* He breaks the night ;
Piercing the shades with dawning light :
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright the Morning Star.]

[16 *Is He a Sun?* His beams are grace—
His course is joy and right'ousness :
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.]

[17 O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise !

There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines, and reigns th' incarnate God.

18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
'Til we behold him face to face.

CXLVII.—*The names and Titles of Christ.*

[1] **T**IS from the treasures of his word,
I borrow titles for my Lord ;
Nor art, nor nature can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays ;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son—
The heir, and partner of his throne.]

3 The King of kings—The Lord most high
Writes his own name upon his thigh :
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love ;
Awakes his wrath, without delay,
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace, he comes,
What winning titles he assumes !
Light of the world, and life of men ;
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart
He acts the Mediator's part :
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfils the name he wears.

7 At length, the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends ;

And

And saints, in full fruition, prove
His rich variety of love.

—CXLVIII. *The same.*—

- [1 **W**ITH cheerful voice I sing
The titles of my Lord ;
And borrow all the names
Of honor from his word ;
Nature and art
Can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms
Of Majesty.
- 2 In Jesus we behold
His Father's glor'ous face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely rays :
Th' eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.]
- 3 The sov'reign King of Kings,
The Lord of Lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment, and his thigh :—
His name is call'd
The word of God ;
He rules the earth
With iron rod.
- 4 Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry Lamb resents
The inj'ries of his love ;
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar
And tear the prey.

5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes !

*Light of the world,
And life of men ;
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.*

6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel's heart,
When he descends to act
A Mediator's part.

*He is a friend
And brother too ;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.*

7 At length the Lord, the Judge,
His awful throne ascends ;
And drives the rebels far
From favorites and friends.

*Then shall the saints
Compleatly prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.*

CXLIX. Offices of Christ, from the scriptures.

1 JOIN all the names of love and pow'r,
Which ever men or angels bore ;
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

2 But O, what condescending ways
He takes, to teach his heav'nly grace !
My eyes, with joy and wonder, see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 The angel of the cov'nant stands
With his commission in his hands ;
Sent from his Father's milder throne
To make the great salvation known.

4 Great Prophet, let me bless thy name !
By thee, the joyful tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of sin forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.

5 My bright example, and my guide,
I would be walking near thy side ;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way !

6 I love my Shepherd—he shall keep
My wand'ring soul among his sheep ;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And, in his bosom, bears the lambs.

7 My surety undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws ;
Behold, my soul, at freedom set !
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

8 Jesus, my great High-Priest, has dy'd—
I seek no sacrifice beside ;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

9 My Advocate appears on high—
The Father lays his thunder by :
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.

10 My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre, and thy sword I sing ;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I fit
A joyful subject at thy feet.

11 Aspire, my soul, to glor'ous deeds—
The Captain of Salvation leads ;

March on—nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown
Put all their forms of mischief on ;
I shall be safe—for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

—CL.—*The same.*—

1 JOIN all the glor'ous names
J Of wisdom, love, and pow'r
Which ever mortals knew,
Which angels ever bore :
All are too mean
To speak his worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.

2 But, O, what gentle terms,
What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heav'nly grace !
Mine eyes, with joy
And wonder, see
What forms of love
He bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons, in his hands :
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name ;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came ;

The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n !

5 Be thou my Counsellor,
My pattern, and my guide,
And thro' this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.

O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way !

6 I love my Shepherd's voice ;
His watchful eye shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep :
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.

7 To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws.
Behold my soul
At freedom set
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.

8 Jesus, my great High-Priest,
Offer'd his blood, and dy'd—
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood
Did once atone ;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.

9 My advocate appears
 For my defence, on high ;
 The Father bows his ears,
 And lays his thunder by—
 Not all which hell
 Or sin can say,
 Shall turn his heart,
 His love away.

10 My dear almighty Lord,
 My Conqu'ror, and my King,
 Thy sceptre, and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing.
 Thine is the pow'r—
 Behold I sit
 In willing bonds,
 Beneath thy feet.

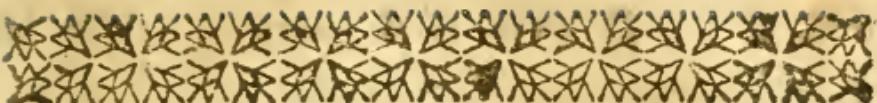
11 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown.
 A feeble saint
 Shall win the day,
 Tho' death and hell
 Obstruct the way.

12 Should all the hosts of death,
 And pow'rs of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on ;
 I shall be safe—
 For Christ displays
 Superior pow'r,
 And guard'an-grace.

END of the FIRST BOOK.

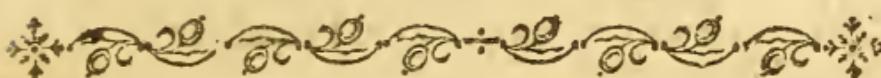






BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.



1. *A song of Praise to GOD from AMERICA.*

NATURE, with all her pow'rs shall sing
God the Creator, and the King :
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye Seraphs, who sit near his throne ;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound.

3 All mortal things, of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name ;
Whilst, with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honors, and our joys.

4 To Him, be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave ;
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word—a *miracle*.

5 This western world, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand :
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And shake the captivating chain.

6 He builds for Liberty a throne,
And makes it gracious, like his own ;

Makes our successive rulers kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.

7 Raise monumental praises high
To him who thunders thro' the sky,
And, with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

8 Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name ;
While trembling nations read from far
The honors of the GOD of war.

9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs ;
Zion pronounce, with warmest joy,
Hosannas from ten thousand tongues.

10 Yet, mighty GOD, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;
The strongest notes which angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

II.—*The Death of a Sinner.*—

1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,
 Damnation and the dead ;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
 Upon a dying bed !

2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay ;
'Till, like a flood with rapid force,
 Death sweeps the wretch away !

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast ;
Among abom'nable fiends,
 Herself a frightful ghost.

4 There endless crouds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains ;

1 Tortur'd with keen despair they cry—
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

2 Not all their anguish, and their blood,
For their old guilt atones ;
Nor the compassion of a God
Shall harken to their groans.

3 Amazing grace, which kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
'Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love !

III. *The death and burial of a Saint.*

1 **W**H Y do we mourn departing friends ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice which Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
And soft'ned ev'ry bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head ?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our soul shall fly,
At the great rising day,

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;

Awake ye nations under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies.

IV. *Salvation in the Cross.*

1 **H**ERE, at thy cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love ;
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Not all which tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes—
Nor hell, should fright my soul away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.

3 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm, this heart should lie ;
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish—here to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear,
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor satan dare my soul invade.

5 Yes—I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall loose their aim :
Hosanna to my dying God !
And my best honors to his name.

V. *Longing to praise Christ better.*

1 **L**ORD, when my tho'ts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honor'd by the cross :

2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man, who groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glor'ous by his Father's side—

3 My passions rise, and soar above—
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love ;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes which Gabriel sings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains ;
And, in such humble notes as these,
Falls far below my victories.

5 Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here ;
These clogs of clay—and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

VI. *A Morning Song.*

1 O NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes ;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rolls the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouze his wrath to flame—
And yet his wrath delays !

[4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand ;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]

6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine
While I enjoy the light ;

Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing night.

VII. *An Evening' Song.*

1 **D**READ Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard ;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpet' al blessings from above
Incompass me around,
But O, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !

4 What have I done for him who dy'd
To save my wretched soul ?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll !

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by Thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I'd lay me down to rest ;
As in th' embraces of my GOD,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

VIII. *A Hymn for Morning or Evening.*

1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand ;
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand !

2 That was a most amazing pow'r,
Which rais'd us with a word ;

And

And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room ;
We wake—and we admire the bed
Which was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day !
For death stands ready at the door
To snatch our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging laws ;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

IX. *Godly sorrow arising from Christ's sufferings.*

1 **A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed !
And did my Sov'reign die ?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?

[2 Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine—
And bath'd in its own blood—
While, all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glor'ous suff'rer stood !]

3 Was it for crimes which I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love, beyond degree !

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,

When GOD, the mighty Maker, dy'd
For man, the creature's sin.

5 Thus, might I hide my blushing face
While this dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears.

6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe ;
Here Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

X. *Parting with Carnal Joys.*

1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell ;
Base as the dirt beneath thy feet,
And mischievous as hell.

2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more ;
The happiness, which I approve,
Lies not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
Which suits my large defire ;
To boundless joy, and solid mirth,
My nobler thoughts aspire.

[4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of GOD,
And fit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' almighty ruler of the sphere,
The glor'ous and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss compleat.]

6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road :

There

There sits my sav'our dress'd in love—
And there—my smiling God.

—XI.—*The same.*—

1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away—
Away, ye tempters of the mind ;
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whist'ling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair ;
And, while I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
Which warn'd me of that dark abyss ;
Which drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek **SUPERIOR BLISS**.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes ;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies !

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasures roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

XII. *Christ is the Substance of the Levitical Priesthood.*

1 **T**HE true Messiah now appears ;
The types are all withdrawn :
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.

2 No smoaking sweets, no bleeding lambs,
No kid nor ballock slain :
Incense and spice of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh, to show
The wonders of his love ;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 Father, he cries, forgive their sins,
For I myself have dy'd ;
And then he shows his open veins,
And pleads his wounded side.

XIII. *The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.*

1 SING to the Lord, who built the skies,
S The Lord, who rear'd this stately frame ;
Let all the nations sound his praise,
And lands unknown repeat his name.

2 He form'd the seas, and fram'd the hills,
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust—
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And push'd them into motion first.

3 Now, from his high imper'al throne,
He looks far down upon the spheres ;
He bids the shining orbs roll on,
And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last
'Till all his saints are gather'd in ;
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast
To shake it all to dust again !

5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
And lightnings burn the globe below—
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

XIV. *Lord's Day : or, Delight in Ordinances.*

1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
Which saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome, to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God has been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this ;
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

—XV. *The Enjoyment of Christ.*—

1 **F**AR from my tho'ts, vain world be gone ;
Let my religious hours alone :
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see—
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee !

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles, with intense desire :
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

3 The trees of life, immortal stand
In blooming rows at thy right hand ;
And, in sweet murmurs by their side,
Rivers of bliss perpet' al glide.

4 Haste then—but with a smiling face—
And spread the table of thy grace :
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !
 How sweet thy entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail great Immanuel, all divine !
 In thee, thy Fathers glories shine ;
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
 Whom eyes have seen, or angels known !

XVI. *Part the second.*

1 **L**ORD, what a heav'n of saving grace
 Shines through the beauties of thy face,
 And lights our passions to a flame !
 Lord, how we love thy charming name.

2 When I can say—*My God is mine,*
 When I can feel thy glories shine,
 I tread the world beneath my feet,
 And all the earth calls *good or great.*

3 While such a scene of sacred joys
 Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
 Here we could sit and gaze away,
 A long, an everlasting day.

4 Well—we shall quickly pass the night
 To the fair coast of perfect light ;
 Then shall our joyful senses rove
 O'er the dear Object of our love.

5 There shall we drink full drafts of bliss,
 And pluck new life from heav'nly trees !
 Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
 A drop of heav'n on worlds below.

6 Send comforts down from thy right hand
 While we pass through this barron land ;
 And, in thy temple, let us see
 A glimpse of love, a glimpse of Thee.]

—XVII.—*God's Eternity*—

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad ;
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long e'er the lofty skies were spread.
Jehovah fill'd his throne ;
E'er Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime ;
ETERNITY's his dwelling place—
And **EVER** is his time.
- 4 While, like a tide, our minutes flow,
The present and the past ;
He fills his own immortal **NOW**,
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come ;
The creatures, look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom !
- 6 Well—let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My **GOD** shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

XVIII. *The Ministry of Angels.*

- 1 **H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting at his awful feet.
- 2 “ Go, saith the Lord, my Gabriel go—
“ Salute the virgin's fruitful womb ;
“ Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
“ Sing and proclaim—the *Saviour* come.”

3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies.
And thick around Elisha stands ;
Anon a heav'ly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below ;
Here, we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too,

5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord ?
At thy command they go and come ;
With chearfu' haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to thy home.

XIX. *Our frail Bodies, and God our Preserver.*

1 **L**E T others boast how strong they be,
Nor death, nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass, our bodies stand—
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies, if one be gone :
Strange ! that a harp, of thousand strings,
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame—
The God who built us first ;
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.

5. He spake—and strait our hearts and brains,
In all their motions rose ;
“*Let blood, said he, flow round the veins.*”
And round the veins it flows.

6. While

6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
 Our Maker we'll adore ;
 His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
 Or they would breathe no more.

—XX. *Backslidings and Returns.*—

1 **W**H Y is my heart so far from thee
 My God, my chief delight ?
 Why are my thoughts no more by day
 With thee, no more by night ?

[2 Why should my foolish passions rove ?
 Where can such sweetnes be,
 As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in thee ?]

3 When my forgetful soul renewes
 The favor of thy grace,
 My heart presumes I cannot loose
 The relish all my days.

4 But e'er one fleeting hour is past,
 The flatt'ring world employs
 Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
 And to pollute my joys.

[5 Trifles of nature, or of art,
 With fair deceitful charms,
 Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
 And thrust thee from my arms,

6 Then I repent, and vex my soul
 That I should lose thee so ;
 Where will those wild affections roil
 Which let a Saviour go ?

[7 Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
 And I am drown'd in grief ;
 But my dear Lord returns again,
 He flies to my relief !

8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprize,
He draws with loving bands ;
Divine compassion's in his eyes,
And pardons in his hand.]

[9 Wretch that I am, to wander thus !
In chase of false delight !
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.]

[10 Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast !

XXI. *A song of praise to God the Redeemer.*

1 **L**E T the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana, and of Jove :
But the sweet theme which moves my tongue,
Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold, a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell !
How the black gulph, where satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell !

3 How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain !
But the great son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite Lover, gracious Lord !
To thee be endless honors giv'n :
Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd,
Round the wide earth and wider heav'n.

XXII. *With God is terrible Majesty.*

1 **T**ERRIBLE God, who reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand !
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly !
Nor can all earth, or hell withstand.

2 This the old rebel-angels knew,
And satan fell beneath thy frown :
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down,

3 This Sodom felt—and feels it still—
And roars beneath th' eternal load :
With endless burnings who can dwell,
Or bear the fury of a God ?

4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit ;
Throw down your arms upon his throne :
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

5 And ye, bleſſ'd saints, who love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name ;
Thus all his heav'nly servants do :
God is a bright and burning flame.

XXIII. *The fight of God and Christ in Heaven.*

1 **D**ESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings ;
And mount, and bear us far above,
The reach of these infer'or things :

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up, where eternal ages roll ;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 O for a fight, a pleasing fight,
Of our almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloath'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall ;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all !

5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps, they sing ;
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King !

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear—
That I shall mount, to dwell above ;
And stand, and bow before them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

XXIV. *The Evil of Sin visible in the fall of Angels and Men.*

1 **W**HEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word ;
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2 High, in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall arch-angel sat ;
*Among the morning stars he sung,
Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.

[3 'Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Grov'ling in fire, the rebel lies ;
† *How art thou sunk in darkness down,*
Son of the morning, from the skies.

4 And thus our two first parents stood,
'Till sin defil'd the happy place ;
They lost their garden, and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.

5 So sprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,
And spread destruction all abroad ;
Sin, the curs'd name, which in one hour,
Spoil'd six days labour of a God.]

6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast ;

Fly

* *Job xxxviii. 7.* † *Isai. xiv. 11.*

Fly to thy Lord for quick relief ;
Oh ! may he slay this treach'rous guest.

7 Then to thy throne, victor'ous King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise ;
Thine everlasting arm we'll sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

XXV. *Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.*

- 1 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul !
Nothing has half thy work to do ;
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive ;
Yet we, who have a heav'n to obtain,
How negligent we live !
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard, the angel-bands
Come flying from above :
- 4 We, for whom GOD the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good ;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood !
- 5 Lord shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, holy dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts !
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise :
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly, and take the prize.

—XXVI. *God invisible.*—

1 **L**ORD, we are blind, poor mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode ;
O ! 'tis beyond a creature-mind
To glance a thought half way to God.

2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great ETERNAL reigns alone ;
Where neither wings, nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright ;
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glor'ous Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through, and clear us from above ;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

XXVII. *Praise ye him, all his Angels.*—
Psalm cxlviii. 2.

1 **G**OD ! the eternal awful name,
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
Which shakes the wide creation's frame.
And satan trembles when he hears.

2 Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place ;
But, O ye fiery flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.

3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we,
To speak so infinite a thing ;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sov'reign King.

4 Tell how he shews his smiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array ;

Triumph and joy run through the place,
And songs eternal as the day.

5 Speak—(for you feel his burning love)
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame ;
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

[6 Sing of his pow'r and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his,
Which vanquish'd satan and his crew,
When thunder drove them down from bliss.]

7 What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there !
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair !

[8 Shout to your King, ye heav'nly host ;
You who beheld the sinking foe ;
Firmly ye stood when they were lost ;
Praise the rich grace that kept ye so.

9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let ev'ry distant nation hear ;
And, while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and Eternity.*

1 STOOP down, my tho'ts, which use to rise,
Converse awhile with death :
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feeble down,
His pulses faint and few :
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world *adieu.*

3 But Oh, the soul, which never dies !
At once it leaves the clay !

Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wond'rous way !

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there ;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair !

5 And must my body faint and die ?
And must this soul remove ?

Oh, for some guard'an angel nigh,
To bear it safe above !

6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust ;

And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop into the dust.

XXIX.—*Redemption by Price and Power.*

1 J E S U S, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part ;
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.

2 Bless'd be the lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,
And quench'd his father's flaming sword
In his own vital blood.

3 The lamb that freed my captive soul
From satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

XXX. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

1 C O M E, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;

Join

Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place ;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasure's less.]

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our GOD ;
But fav'rites of th' heav'nly King
Should speak their joys abroad.

[4 The GOD who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.]

5 This awful GOD is ours,
Our Father and our love ;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us *above*.

6 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

[8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below,
Cælestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope, may grow.

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Imman'el's ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

XXXI.—Christ's *Presence makes Death easy.*

1 **W**H Y should we start, and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly, fearless, through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as ~~she~~ pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and Folly.*

1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life !
How vast our souls' affairs !
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moments stay ;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.

3 GOD, from on high, invites us home,
But we march heedless on ;
And, ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.

- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
Who slight the joys above !
What chains of vengeance should we feel,
Who break such cords of love.
- 5 Draw us, O GOD, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

XXXIII. *The blessed Society in Heaven.*

- 1 R AISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run,
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street,
And say—there's nought below the sun,
That's worthy of thy feet.
- 2 Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
And tread the courts above :
Nor earth, nor all her might'est things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]
- 3 There, on a high, majestic throne,
Th' almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glor'ous goodness down
On all the blissful plains.
- 4 Bright, like a sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon ;
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.
- 5 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove !
While banish'd sin, and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.
- 6 The glor'ous tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne ;
And saints, and seraphs, sing and praise
The infinite THREE-ONE.

7 But, O, what beams of heav'nly grace,
Transport them all the while !

8 Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in ev'ry smile !

9 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay,
To dwell among them there ?

XXXIV.—*Breathing after the Holy Spirit.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys !
Our souls can neither fly, nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosanna's languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

XXXV. *Praise to God for creation & redemption.*

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
LET Who never knew thy grace ;
But our loud song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne ;
All glory to th' UNITED THREE,
The undivided ONE.

3 'Twas He, (and we'll adore his name)
Who form'd us by a word ;
'Tis He restor'd our ruin'd frame :
Salvation to the Lord !

4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

XXXVI. Christ's Intercession.

1 **W**ELL, the Redeemer's gone
To appear before a God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down ;
If justice calls for sinners' blood,
The Saviour shews his own.

3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves ;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honor sing :
Jesus, the Priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.

5 We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high ;
Hosanna to the God of grace
" Who lays his thunder by.]

- 6 " On Earth thy mercy reigns,
 " And triumphs all above ;
 " But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains
 " To speak immortal love !
- [7 " How jarring, and how low
 " Are all the notes we sing !
 " Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
 " And they shall please the King."]

—XXXVII.—*The same.*—

- 1 LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'ly seats,
 Where your Redeemer stays :
 Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
 And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,
 And shed his vital blood ;
 Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
 And then arose to God.
- 3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
 And saints their off'rings bring ;
 The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
 Presents them to the King.
- [4 Let others trust what names they please,
 Their saints and angels boast ;
 We've no such advocates as these,
 Nor pray to th' heav'ly host.]
- 5 Jesus, alone, shall bear my cries
 Up to his Father's throne ;
 He (dearest Lord) perfumes my sighs,
 And sweetens ev'ry groan.
- 6 Ten thousand praises to the King,
 Hosanna, in the high'ſt ;
 Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
 To God, and to his Christ.]

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast :
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love which makes our cheerful feet
In swift obed'ence move ;
The devils know—and tremble too ;
. But satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace which lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of blifs.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
Let wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

XXXIX. *The Shortness and Misery of Life.*

- 1 **U**R days, alas ! our mortal days,
Are short and wretched too !
Evil and few, the Patr'arch says,
And well the Patr'arch knew.
- 2 'Tis but, at best, a narrow bound,
Which heav'n allows to men ;
And pains, and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.
- 3 Well—if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste ;
Mom'nts of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heav'ly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

XL. Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.

OUR GOD, how firm his promise stands,
Ev'n when he hides his face !
He trusts in our Redeemers hands
His glory, and his grace.

2 Then, whv, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one ?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n posse's'd ;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

XLI. A sight of God mortifies us to the world.

[1] **U**p to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out, and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove ;
And thou can'st bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, cælestial Dove !

3 O might I once mount up, and see
The glories of th' eternal skies ;
What little things these worlds would be ?
How despicable to my eyes ?]

4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon ;
Vanish, as tho' I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
 I should perceive the noise no more
 Than we can hear the shaking leaf .
 While rattling thunders round us roar.

6 Great ALL IN ALL, eternal King,
 Let me but view thy lovely face ;
 And all my pow'rs shall bow, and sing
 Thine endless grandeur, and thy grace,

XLII. *Delight in God.*

1 **M**Y God, what endless pleasures dwell
 Above, at thy right hand !
 Thy courts below, how amiable,
 Where all thy graces stand !

2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
 And chirps a cheerful note ;
 The lark mounts up toward thy skies,
 And tunes her warbling throat :

3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
 Do shout with joyful tongues ;
 Or, sitting round our Father's board,
 We crown the feast with songs.

4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,
 We sing, and mount on high ;
 But, if a frown becloud his face,
 We faint, and tire, and die.

5 Just as we see the lonesome dove
 Bemoan her widow'd state,
 Wand'ring, she flies thro' all the grove,
 And mourns her loving mate.

9 Just so, our thoughts, from thing to thing
 In restless circles rove ;
 Just so, we droop, and hang the wing,
 When Jesus hides his love.

XLIII. *Christ's Sufferings and Glory.*

1 **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son !
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell loud the wonders he hath done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above ;
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love !

3 Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high ;
He came t' atone Almighty wrath—
Jesus, the GOD, was born to die.

[4 Hell, and its lions, roar'd around ;
His precious blood the monsters spilt ;
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
Th' Almighty captive Pris'ner lay ;
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace ;
See what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face !

7 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the GOD, exalted reigns ;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains !

XLIV. *Hell ; or, the Vengeance of GOD.*

1 **W**ITH holy fear, and humble song,
The dreadful GOD our souls adore ;

Rev'rence

Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
Which speaks the terrors of his pow'r.

2 Far, in the deep, where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

[3 Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.

4 There satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands ;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]

5 There guilty ghosts, of Adam's race,
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod ;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
And so incens'd a dreadful GOD.

6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son—
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call ;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

XLV.—God's Condescension to our Worship.

1 **T**H Y favors, Lord, surprize our souls ;
Will the Eternal dwell with us ?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
To tempt thy char'ot downward thus ?

2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs ;
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues !

3 Great GOD ! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine !

Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

XLVI. God's Condescension to Human Affairs.

1 **U**p to the Lord, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

[2 He who can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod ;
His goodness, how amazing great !
And what a condescending God !

[3 God, who must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]

4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs ;
On humble souls the King of Kings
Bestows his councils, and his cares.

5 Our sorrows, and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God !
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.

6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform ;
For worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest fellow-worm.

7 Oh ! could our thankful heart devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

XLVII. Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

1 **N**ow to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul ; awake, my tongue ;
Hosanna

Hosanna to th' eternal name !
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See, where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his might'est works out-done.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star.

4 But, in his looks, a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands ;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Out-shines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name ;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.

6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face—
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !—

XLVIII. *Love to the Creatures is dangerous.*

1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And ev'ry sweet—a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,

How

How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for GOD !

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !

Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

XLIX. Moses dying in the Embraces of GOD.

1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If GOD be with us there ;
We may walk through the darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my All below,
If my Creator bid ;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die, as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself should long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath ;
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

L.—Comforts, under Sorrows, and Pains.

1 **N**O W let the Lord, my Saviour, smile,
And shew my name upon his heart ;
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure, loose the smart.

2 But Oh ! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown ;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

3 Yet, why ? my soul, why these complaints ?
Still, while he frowns, his bowels move ;
Still, on his heart, he bears his saints,
And feels his sorrows, and his love.

4 My name is printed on his breast ;
His book of life contains my name ;
I'd rather have it there impress'd,
Than in the bright records of fame.

5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand ;
And, in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

6 Now let my minute's smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will ;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

—LI.—*God the Son equal with the Father.*—

1 **B**RIGHT King of Glory, dreadful God !
Our spirits bow before thy seat :
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.

[2 Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways.
All nature, with a sov'reign word ;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their super'or Lord.]

[3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And, smiling, sit at thy right hand :
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glor'ous Deity ;
But, who, among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee ?

5 Yet there is one, of human frame,
Jesus, array'd, in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with GOD.

6 Their glory shines with equal beams ;
Their essence is forever one ;
Though they are known by diff'rent names,
The FATHER GOD, and GOD THE SON.

7 Then let the name of Christ, our King,
With equal honors be ador'd ;
His praise, let ev'ry angel sing—
And all the nations own their Lord.

—LII. *Death dreadful, or delightful.*—

1 **D**EATH ! 'tis a melancholy day
To those who have no GOD,
When the poor soul is forc'd away
To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes ;
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
To darkness, fire and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell—
Let stubborn sinners fear ;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long FOR EVER there !

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face ;
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

; He is a God of sovereign love,
Who promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to fear above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day ;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

LIII. *Saints' Pilgrimage ; or, Earth & Heaven,*

1 **L**ORD ! what a wretched land is this
Which yields us no supply ;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams or living joy !

2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow ;
And, all the rivers which are found,
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
Lies through this horrid land :
Lord ! we would keep the heav'nly road,
And run at thy command.

4 Our souls shall tread the desert through
With undiverted feet ;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue
The terrors which we meet.

[5 A thousand savage beasts of prey
Around the forest roain ;
But Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the strangers home.]

[6 Long nights and darkness dwell below
With scarce a twinkling ray ;
But the bright world to which they go,
Is everlasting day.]

- 7 By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road ;
Through dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares,
We make our way to **God**.
- 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still ;
Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.
- [9 See the kind angels, at the gates,
Inviting us to come !
There **Jesu**s, the forerunner waits
To welcome trav'lers home !]
- 10 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And, with transporting joys, recount
The labours of our feet.
- 11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongues,
Nor trifles vex our ear ;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And **God** delight to hear.
- 12 Eternal glories to the King
Who brought us safely through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.

LIV.—God's Presence is Light in Darkness.

- 1 **M**Y **God**, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights !
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun !
He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
And he—my rising Sun.

1 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
 And whispers—I am his.

2 My soul would leave this heavy clay
 At that transporting word ;
 Run up with joy the shining way
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.

3 Fearless of hell, and ghastly death,
 I'd break through ev'ry foe ;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conqu'ror through.

LV. *Frail Life, and succeeding Eternity.*

1 **T**HEE, we adore, eternal name—
 And humbly own to Thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame ;
 What dying worms are we !

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase ;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath which first it gave ;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.]

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
 To push us to the tomb ;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

5 Good God ! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things !
 Th' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To run this dang'rous road ;
And, if our souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God.

—LVI.—*Vain Prosperity.*—

1 **N**O ! I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Tho' they increase their golden store,
And rise to wond'rous height.

2 They take of all the joys which grow
Upon this earthly clod !
Well—they may search the creature thro',
For they have ne'r a God.

3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own ;
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.

4 Yes—you must bow your stately head ;
Away your spirit flies ;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.

5 Go now, and boast of all your stores—
And tell how bright they shine ;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are your's,
And my Redeemer's mine !

LVII. *The Pleasure of a good Conscience.*

1 **T**ORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin,
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And, soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

[3 Quick as their tho'ts their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away ;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer-ev'nings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow !
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]

5 They scorn to seek our golden toys :
But spend the day, and share the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
Which heav'n prepares for their delight.

6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the dust below ;
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

LVIII. *Shortness of Life, and goodness of God.*

1 **T**IME ! What an empty vapour 'tis !
And days how swift they are !
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.

[2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste ;
That we can never say—they're here ;
But only say—they're past —

[3 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]

4 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
 Thy lasting favors share ;
 Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
 Thou load'st the rolling year.

5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
 And we are cloath'd with love :
 While grace stands pointing out the road,
 Which leads our souls above.

6 His goodness runs an endless round—
 All glory to the Lord :
 His mercy never knows a bound—
 And be his name ador'd.

7 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
 And when we close our eyes,
 Let ages down thy praise prolong,
 'Till time and nature dies.

—LIX.—*Paradise on Earth.*—

1 **G**LORY to God, who walks the sky,
 And sends his blessings through—
 Who tells his saints of joys on high—
 And gives a taste below.

2 Glory to God, who stoops his throne,
 That dust and worms may see't,
 And brings a glimpse of glory down
 Around his sacred feet.

3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
 Sheds his kind beams abroad,
 'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
 And glory in the bed.

4 A blooming paradise of joy
 In this wild desert springs ;
 And ev'ry sense, I strait employ
 On sweet cæstrial things.

- 5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows !
The Rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flow'r which blows.
- 6 Chearful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down ;
Pleasures which flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne !]
- 7 But, ah ! how soon my joys decay—
How soon my sins arise—
And snatch th' heav'nly scene away
From these lamenting eyes !
- 8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here ?
- 9 Up to the fields, above the skies,
My hasty feet would go—
There everlasting flow'rs arise,
And joys unwith'ring grow.

LX. *The Truth of God the Promiser.*

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To Him who earth's foundation laid :
Praise to the God whose strong decrees,
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word ;
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

[3 Firm are the words his prophets give—
Sweet words, on which his children live ;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spake, and spread the skies abroad.

4 Each

4 Each of them pow'rful as that sound
 Which bid the new-made heav'ns go round ;
 And stronger than the solid poles
 On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise,
 Why trick'ling sorrows drown our eyes ?
 Slowly, alas ! our mind receives
 The comforts which our Maker gives.

6 O, for a strong, a lasting faith,
 To credit what th' Almighty saith !
 To embrace the message of his Son,
 And call the joys of heav'n our own.

7 Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
 And all the wheels of nature break ;
 Our steady souls should fear no more
 Than solid rocks when billows roar.

8 Our everlasting hopes arise
 Above the ruinable skies ;
 Where the eternal Builder reigns,
 And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

LXI. *A Thought of Death and Glory.*

1 **M**Y soul, come, meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit this house of clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.

2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view
 The hollow, gaping tomb ;
 This gloomy prison waits for you,
 Whene'er the summons come.

3 Oh ! could we die with those who die,
 And place us in their stead ;
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead.

- 4 Then should we see the saints above
 In their own glor'ous forms,
 And wonder why our souls should lo^e
 To dwell with mortal worms :
- 5 How we should scorn these cloaths of flesh,
 These fetters, and this load ;
 And long for ev'ning to undress,
 That we may rest with God.
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay
 Before the summons come ;
 And pray, and wish our souls away
 To their eternal home.

LXII. GOD the Thunderer :—Or, The last
 Judgment and Hell.*

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts,
 And thou, O earth, adore :
 Let death and hell, thro' all their coasts,
 Stand trembling at his pow'r.
- 2 His sounding char'ot shakes the sky,
 He makes the clouds his throne ;
 There all his stores of lightning lie,
 'Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams—
 And from his awful tongue
 A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
 And thunder roars along !
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
 When this incensed God
 Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
 And fling his wrath abroad !
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do !
 He once defy'd the Lord :

But

* Made in a great sudden Storm of Thunder,
 August 20th, 1697.

But he shall dread the Thund'r'er now,
And sink beneath his word.

Tempests of angry fire shall roll
To blast the rebel worm ;
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

LXIII. *A Funeral Thought.*

1 **H**ARK ! from the tombs, a doleful sound,
My ears attend the cry—

“ Ye living men, come view the ground
“ Where you must shortly lie.

2 “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,
“ In spite of all your tow'rs ;

“ The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
“ Must lie as low as our's.

3 Great GOD, is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure !

Still walking downwards to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more !

4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

LXIV. *God the Glory and Defence of Zion.*

1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace ;

Thine holy courts are his abode ;
Thou earthly palace of our GOD.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly warriors waits ;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels, and his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage ;
Against his throne in vain they rage ;

Like rising waves with angry roar,
Which dash, and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of Rome or hell ;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our shield, and God our sun ;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

LXV. *The Hope of Heaven our support under Trials on Earth.*

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

LXVI. *A Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.*

1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting sin abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'ly land from ours.

[3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green :
So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
Thro' fear to launch away.

5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan which we love,
With unclouded eyes.

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landskip o'er ;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

LXVII. *God's Eternal Dominion.*

1 **G**REAT GOD ! how infinite art thou !
What worthless worms are we !

Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
E'er seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Nature and time quite naked lie,
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day..

- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view ;
To Thee, there's nothing old appears—
Great GOD ! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives thro' var'ous scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares ;
While thine eternal thought moves on —
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great GOD ! how infinite art Thou !
What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

LXVIII.—*The humble Worship of Heaven.*

- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode !
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my GOD !
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is Infinite delight !
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- [4 There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move ;
And drink immortal vigor in
With wonder, and with love.
- 5 Then, at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall !
With joy they shrink to NOTHING there,
Before th' eternal ALL.

6 There I would vie with all the host
In duty, and in bliss ;

While *less than nothing* I could boast,

* And *vanity* confess.

* *Isa. xl. 17.*

7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The hambler I shall lie ;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

LXIX. *The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.*

1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing ;
The mighty works, or might'er name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing GOD.

3 Proclaim salvation, from the Lord,
For wretched dying men ;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engrav'd, as in eternal bra's,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

5 He, who can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please ;
But speaks—and that Almighty breath
Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice, which rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

7 He said—*Let the wide heav'n be spread ;*
 And heav'n was stretch'd abroad ;
Abra'm—I'll be thy God—he said—
 And he was Abra'm's God.

8 Oh, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
 But whisper—thou art mine !
 Those gentle words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.

9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
 And think my heav'n secure !
 I'd trust the all-creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.]

LXX. God's Dominion over the Sea, Ps. cvii.

1 **G**OD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice
 Makes all the roaring waves rejoice !
 And one soft word of thy command,
 Can sink them, silent, in the sand.

2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
 The sea divides, and owns its God ;
 The stormy floods their Maker knew,
 And led his chosen armies through.

3 The scaly flocks, amidst the sea,
 To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay ;
 The meanest fish, which swims the flood,
 Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

[4 The larger monsters of the deep,
 On thy commands attendance keep :
 By thy permission, sport and play,
 And cleave along their foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempest rears,
 Leviathan lies still, and tears ;
 Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
 And spouts the ocean to the sky.]

6 How is thy glor'ous pow'r ador'd
 Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord !
 Yet the bold men who trace the seas,
 Bold men refuse their Maker's praise.

[7 What scenes of miracles they see,
 And never tune a song to thee !
 While on the flood they safely ride,
 They curse the hand which smooths the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in watry graves,
 And some drink death among the waves :
 Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
 Nor own the God who rescu'd them.]

9 Oh ! for some signal of thy hand !
 Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land :
 Great Judge descend ! lest men deny
 That there's a God who rules the sky.

LXXI. *Praise to God from all Creatures.*

1 **T**HE glories of my Maker, God,
 My joyful voice shall sing,
 And call the nations to adore
 Their Former, and their King.

2 'Twas his right hand which shap'd our clay,
 And wrought this human frame ;
 But from his own immed'ate breath
 Our nobler spirits came.

3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
 And worship with our tongues ;
 We claim some kindred with the skies,
 And join th' angelic songs.

4 Let grov'ling beasts, of ev'ry shape,
 And fowls, of ev'ry wing,
 And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
 Their var'ous tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honor shine ;
 And wheels of nature, roll ;
 Praise him in your unwearied course
 Around the steady pole.

6 The brightness of our Maker's name
 The wide creation fills,
 And his unbounded grandeur flies
 Beyond the heav'nly hills.

LXXII. *The Lord's Day : Or, The Resurrection of Christ.*

1 **B**LEST morning, whose young dawning rays
 Beheld our rising God ;
 Which saw him triumph o'er the dust,
 And leave his last abode !

2 In the cold prison of a tomb
 The dead Redeemer lay ;
 'Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed day.

3 Hell, and the grave, unite their force
 To hold our God in vain ;
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
 These sacred hours we pay ;
 And loud Hosanna's shall proclaim
 The triumph of the day.

[5 Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victor'ous King ;
 Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
 With glad hosannas ring.]

—LXXIII. *Doubts scattered.*—

1 **H**ENCE, from my soul, sad thot's, be gone,
 And leave me to my joys ;

My

My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.

2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears ;

'Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 Oh ! what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures, all divine—

When Jesus told me—I was his,
And my Beloved mine !

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace, in vain ;

One glympse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

--LXXIV. *A Complaint of Ingratitude.*--

1 Is this the kind return,

And these the thanks we owe ?

Thus to abuse eternal love,

Whence all our blessings flow !

2 To what a stubborn frame

Has sin reduc'd our mind !

What strange, rebell'ous wretches we,

And God—as strangely kind !

[3 On us, he bids the sun

Shed his reviving rays ;

For us, the skies their circles ren,

To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,

And bow their necks to men :

But we, more base, more brutish things,

Reject his easy reign.]

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,

And mould our souls afresh ;

Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let old ingratitude

Provokē our weeping eyes ;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

LXXV. *The beatific sight of Christ.*

1 **F**ROM Thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds ;
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
In heav'n, unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages, I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet Jesus ! ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thou send tastes of new delights
From all thy graces spring.

6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.

LXXVI. *Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who cloath'd himself in clay ;

Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanu'l rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away.
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See, how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies !
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down ;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the cælestial throne.

[5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach this bleſſ'd abode ;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate Gop.

6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Emmanu'l's praise.]

LXXVII. *The Christian Warfare.*

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

2 Hell, and thy sin resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes ;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

[3 What tho' the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite ?

Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4. What tho' thine inward lusts rebel ?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life ;
The weapons of victor'ous grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

5. Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

6. There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glor'ous Leader's praise.

LXXVIII. *Redemption by Christ.*

1. WHEN the first parents of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood,

2. Infinite pity touch'd the heart
Of the eternal Son ;
Descending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.

3. Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array ;
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our infer'or clay.

4. His living pow'r, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men ;
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.

5. To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign ;

Blest Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine,

6 Thine honor shall forever be
The bus'ness of our days,
Forever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

LXXIX. *Praise to the Redeemer.*

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
We, wretched sinners, lay ;
Without one chearful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pit'ing eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw—and (O ! amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave, in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And break our iron chains ;
Jesus has freed our captive souls,
From everlasting pains.

5 In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries ;
We, who were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.]

6 Oh ! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmon'ous human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

7 Yes—we will praise Thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame ;

Hosanna,

Hosanna, round the spacious earth,
To thine adored name !

8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

LXXX. God's awful Power and Goodness.

1 **O** H ! the almighty Lord !
How matchless is his pow'r !
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.

2 Let proud imper'ous kings
Bow low before his throne !
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread ye down.

3 Above the skies he reigns,
And, with amazing blows,
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebell'ous foes.

4 Yet, everlasting GOD,
We love to speak thy praise,
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love.
Defend our Zion well ;
And heav'nly mercy walls us round:
From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
Who sits enthron'd above :
Thus we adore the GOD of might,
And bless the GOD of love.

LXXXI. Our Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.

AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see :

Oh,

Oh, the curs'd deeds my sins have done !
What murd'rous things they be ?

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
Which thy fair body tore ?
Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs
With floods of purple gore ?

3 Was it for crimes which I had done,
My dearest Lord was slain ;
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
And put his soul to pain ?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace !
I'll wound my God no more :
Hence, from my heart, ye sins, be gone ;
For Jesus I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms
From grace's magazine ;
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling sin.

LXXXII.—*Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.*

1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
And triumph in my God ;
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
His glor'ous grace abroad,

2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell ;
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.

3 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And, on the rock of ages, set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

4 The city of my bless'd abode
Is wall'd around with grace ;

salvation, for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar ;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.

6 Arise, my soul, awake my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing ;
Loud hallelujah's shall address
My Saviour and my King.

LXXXIII. *The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.*

1 **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the skies—
“ Awake, my dreadful sword ;
“ Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
“ My fellow (saith the Lord.)

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And, armed, down she flies ;
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.

3 But, Oh ! the wisdom, and the grace
Which join with vengeance now !
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.

4 A person, so divine, was he,
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.

5 Live, glor'ous Lord, and reign on high ;
Let ev'ry nation sing,
And angels sound, with endless joy,
The Saviour, and the King.

—LXXXIV. *The same.*—

1 **C**OME, all harmon'ous tongues,
Your noblest music bring ;

'Tis Christ, the Everlasting God,
And Christ, the man, we sing.

2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt ;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood,
Which heathen moonders spilt.

[3 Alas ! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side ;
And the rich flood of purple pore,
Their mord'rous weapons dy'd.

[4 The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll ;
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul]

5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head ;
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody spear ;
The cross, and nails, no more ;
For hell itself, shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits
High on his Father's throne ;
The Father lays his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories shine
With unceas'd rays ;
And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
To everlasting days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of Pardon.*

1 **W**H Y does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear ?

What

What doubts are these which waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?

What tho' your num'rous sins exceed
The stars which fill the skies,
And, aiming at the eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?

What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has it curs'd foundations laid
Low as the depths of hell?

See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace!
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase!

It rises high, and drowns the hills,
'T has neither shore nor bound:
Now, if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.

Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
Which buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, which swells above
Our follies, and our thoughts.

LXXXVI. Freedom from sin and misery in heaven.

OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a vi'lent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee.
And hurry us away.

The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the bea'ly shore.

There we fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;

No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

- 4 There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The wonders of his grace ;
'Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in ev'ry face.
- 5 For ever, his dear sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue ;
And Jesus, and salvation be
The close of ev'ry song.

LXXXVII. *Divine Glories above our Reason.*

- 1 **H**OW wond'rous great ! how glor'ous bright
Must our Creator be !
Who dwells amidst the dazz'ling light
Of vast infinity !
- 2 Our soaring spirits upward rise
Tow'r'd the cælestial throne :
Fain would we see the blessed **T H R E E,**
And the almighty **O N E.**
- 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,
And climbs above the skies ;
But still how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reason lies !
- 4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
And awfully adore :
For the weak pin'ens of our minds
Can stretch a thought no more.
- 5 Thy glories infinitely rise
Above our lab'ring tongue ;
In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.
- 6 In humble notes our faith adores
The great myster'ous King,

While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
And sweep th' immortal string.]

LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm to ev'ry wound,
A cord'al for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

LXXXIX. *Christ's Victory over Satan.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to our conqu'ring King !
The prince of darkness flies ;
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd sheep ;
But heavy bars confine their pow'r
And malice to the deep.
- 3 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King,
All hail, incarnate love !
Ten thousand songs and glories wait
To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy vict'ries, and thy deathless fame
Thro' the wide world shall run ;
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

XC. *Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification,*

1 **H**OW sad our state, by nature, is !

Our sin, how deep it stains !

And satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace -

Sounds from the sacred word ;

Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,

And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,

And runs to this relief ;

I would believe thy promise, Lord ;

Oh ! help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,

Incarnate God, I fly ;

Here let me wash my spotted soul

From crimes of deepest die.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victor'ous King,

My reigning sins subdue ;

Drive the old dragon from his seat,

With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm

On thy kind arms I fall :

Be thou my strength, and right'ousness,

My Jesus, and my All.

XCI. *The Glory of Christ in Heaven.*

1 **O**H, the delights, the heav'nly joys,

The glories of the place,

Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams

Of his o'erflowing grace !

2 Sweet majesty, and awful love

Sit smiling on his brow ;

And all the glor'ous ranks above

At humble distance bow.

[3 Princes, to his imper' al name
 Bend their bright sceptres down ;
 Domin' ons, thrones, and pow' rs rejoice
 To see him wear the crown.]

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
 Thro' ev'ry heav' nly street ;
 And lay their highest honors down
 Submissive at his feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
 Which once rude iron tore,
 High on a throne of light they stand
 And all the saints adore.

6 His head, that dear majestic head,
 Which cruel thorns did wound,
 See what immortal glories shine,
 And circle it around !

7 This is th' Man, th' exalted Man,
 Whom we, unseen, adore !
 But when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.

[8 Lord ! how our souls are all on fire
 To see thy blest abode ;
 Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
 To our incarnate GOD !

9 And while our faith enjoys the sight,
 We long to leave our clay ;
 And wish thy fi' ry char' ots, Lord,
 To fetch our souls away.

XCHI. *The Church saved, and her Enemies disappo-*
inted : Or, Deliverance from Treason.

1 **S**HOUT to the Lord, and let your joys
 Thro' all the nations run :
 Ye Western skies resound the noise
 Beyond the rising sun.

2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee, our glad voices sing ;
And join with the celestial choir,
To praise th' eternal King.

3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And, on the starry skies,
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine env'ous foes devise.

4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And, with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

5 Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice ;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd :
Their treasons all betray'd :
Praise to the Lord who broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebell'ons try ;
Their souls shall pine with env'ous rage,
And vex away, and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'r :
Let Zion, with united songs,
Almighty grace adore.

XCIII.—God *all, and in all*, Psalm lxxiii. 25.

1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call ;
I cannot live if thou remove ;
For thou art All in All.

[2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon, where I dwell,
'Tis paradise when thou art here ;
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]

[3 The smilings of thy face,
How am'able they are !
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.]

[4 To Thee, and Thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]

[5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]

6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

[8 To Thee my spirits fly,
With restless warm desire ;
And yet how far from Thee I lie !
Dear Jesus, raise me high'r.

XCIV. God my only happiness, Psal. lxxiii. 25.

[1] **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All !
I've none but Thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

[2] What

[2] What empty things are all the skies,
And this infer'or clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

[3] In vain the bright, the burning sun
Scatters his feeble light :
'Tis thy sweet beams creates my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

4 And whilst upon my restless bed
Amoag the shades I roll ;
If my Redeemer shews his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]

5 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to Thee ?
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends, to me ?

7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars my own ;
Without thy graces, and thy Self,
I were a wretch undone.

8 Let others stretch their arms, like seas,
And grasp in all the shore ;
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

XCV. *Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.*

1 **I**NFINITE grief ! amazing woe !
Behold my bleeding Lord !
Hell and the Jews conspire his death,
And use the Roman sword.

2 Oh ! the sharp pangs of smarting pain
 My dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
 His sacred body tore !

3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
 In vain do I accuse ;
 In vain I blame the Roman bands,
 And the more spiteful Jews :

4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
 His chief tormentors were ;
 Each of my crimes became a nail
 And unbelief—the spear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down
 Upon his guiltless head :
 Break, break, my heart—oh, burst mine eyes,
 And let my sorrows bleed !

6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
 'Till melting waters flow ;
 And deep repentance drown mine eyes
 In undismayed woe !

—XCVI. *Angels punished, and Man saved.—*

1 **D**OWN headlong from their native skies,
 The rebel-angels fell ;
 And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
 Pursu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
 Rebell'ous man was hurl'd ;
 And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
 To reach a sinking world.

3 Oh, love of infinite degrees !
 Unmeasurable grace !
 Must heav'n's eternal darling die,
 To save a trait'rous race ?

4 Must angels sink forever down,
And burn in quenchless fire ;
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us, wretches, high'r ?

5 Oh, for this love, let earth and skies,
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing !

—XCVII.—*The same.*—

1 **F**ROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chain'd 'em down ;
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
And mercy lifts him to a crown !

2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
Which could distinguish rebels so !
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
For everlasting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, almighty Love,
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay :
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

XCVIII.—*Hardness of Heart complained of.*

1 **M**Y heart, how dreadful hard it is !
How heavy here it lies ;
Heavy and cold within my breast,
Just like a rock of ice !

2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
Upon this flinty throne ;
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,
Or taste the joys above !
This mountain presses down my faith,
And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
 With all its heav'ly charms,
 This stubborn, this relentless thing,
 Would thrust it from my arms.

5 Against the thunders of thy word
 Rebell'ous I have stood ;
 My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
 And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
 In thine own crimson sea !
 None but a bath of blood divine
 Can melt the flint away.

XCIX. *The Book of God's Decrees.*

1 LE T the whole race of creatures lie
 Abas'd before their God ;
 Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd
 He governs with a nod.

2 Ten thousand ages e'er the skies
 Were into motion brought ;
 All the long years and worlds to come
 Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
 But's found in his decrees ;
 He raises monarchs to their thrones,
 And sinks them as he please.]

4 If light attend the course I run,
 'Tis He provides those rays ;
 And 'tis his hand which hides my sun,
 If darkness cloud my days.

5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
 Nor vainly long to see
 In volumes of his deep decrees,
 What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life,
 Oh, may I read my name
 Among the chosen of his love,
 The foll'wers of the Lamb !

C. The Presence of Christ is the Life of my Soul.

1 **H**OW full of anguish is the thought !
 How it distracts and tears my heart,
 If GOD, at last, my sov'reign Judge,
 Should frown, and bid my soul depart !

2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
 Where shall I fly but to thy breast ?
 For I have sought no other home—
 For I have learn'd no other rest.

3 I cannot live contented here,
 Without some glimpses of thy face ;
 And heav'n, without thy presence there,
 Would be a dark and tiresome place.

4 When earthly cares engross the day,
 And hold my thoughts aside from Thee ;
 The shining hours of cheerful light
 Are long and ted'ous years to me.

5 And if no ev'ning visit's paid
 Between my Saviour and my soul,
 How dull the night ! how sad the shade !
 How mournfully the minutes roll !

6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon
 To live—yet part with all my blood ;
 To breathe, when vital air is gone,
 Or thrive and grow without my food.

7 Christ is my light, my life, my care,
 My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize ;
 Dearer than all my passions are,
 My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.

8 The strings which twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off ;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.

[9 My God ! and can a humble child,
Who loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye ?

10 Impossible !—For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to Thee ;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.]

CL. *The World's three chief Temptations.*

1 **W**HEN, in the light of faith divine,
We look on things below,
Honor, and gold, and sens'al joy,
How vain and dang'rous too.

[2 Honor's a puff of noisy breath ;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust ;
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a Fordid lust.]

4 The pleasures which allure thy sense,
Are dang'rous snares to souls ;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.

5 **G**OD is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion, and my choice ;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.

6 In vain the world accoffs my ear,
And tempts my heart anew ;
I cannot buy your blis so dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

—CII. *A happy Resurrection.*—

1 **N**O, I'll repine at death no more,
But, with a chearful gasp resign
To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my bones to dust,
My GOD shall raise my frame anew
At the revival of the just.

3 Break, sacred morning through the skies,
Bring that delightful, sacred day ;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay.

4 Our weary spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face ;
And hear the language of those lips
Where GOD has shed his richest grace.

5 Haste then upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay ;
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

CIII. —*Christ's Commission, John iii. 16, 17.*

1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your GOD,
With new melod'ous songs ;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so bound'ess was the love
Which pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life ag'in.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod ;
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a GOD.

4 But all was mercy—all was mild—
And wrath forsook the throne ;
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry :
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace ;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

—CIV.—*The same.*—

1 R AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Cælest' al grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose ;
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clothes his brow ;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now,

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast bought
And love, and praise thy name.

CV. Repentance flowing from the patience of God.

1 **A**ND are we wretches yet alive ?
And dare we yet rebel ?
'T is boundless, 't is amazing love,
That bears us up from hell !

2 The burden of our weighty guilt
Would sink us down to flames,
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above
To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries—*forswear* :
And trait the thunder stays :
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace.

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
Too long indulg'd our sin ;
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
No more will we obey ;
Stretch out, O God, thy conq'ring hand,
And drive thy foes away.

CVI. Repentance at the Cross.

1 **O**H, if my soul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs !
Repentance should, like rivers, flow
From both my streaming eyes.

- 2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groan'd away a dying life
 For *thee*, my soul, for *thee*.
- 3 Oh ! how I hate those lusts of mine,
 Which crucify'd my GOD ;
 Those sins which pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My heart has so decreed ;
 Nor will I spare the guilty things
 Which made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst, with a melting broken heart,
 My murder'd Lord I view,
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murd'lers too.

CVII. *The everlasting absence of God intolerable.*

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
 Thou sov'reign of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound—*depart* ?
- [3 The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.]
- [4 What, to be banish'd from my life,
 And yet forbid to die ?
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death forever fly ?

5 Oh ! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love !

6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast ;
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

7 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Shew me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

[8 Give me one kind, assuring word
To sink my fears again ;
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Here three-score years and ten.]

CVIII. Access to the throne of Grace by a Mediator.

1 C O M E, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the Courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame ;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And Vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood,
Which calm'd his frowning face ;
Which sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace !

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
No double flaming sword.

5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.

6 To Thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his fury by.

CIX. *The Darkness of Providence.*

1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of Providence !
Too deep to sound with mortal lines
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a smile :
We, thro' the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

3 Thro' seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Thro' all the terrors of the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolvé to scourge us here below ;
Still let us lean upon our GOD,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

CX.—*Triumph over Death, in hope of the Resurrection.*

1 **A**ND must this body die ?
This mortal frame decay ?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay ?

2. Corruption, earth, and worms
Shall but refine this flesh ;

¹Till

1 Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives—
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
'Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glor'ous grace
Shall these vile bodies shine ;
And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love ;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs—
'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

—CXI. *Thanksgiving for Victory.*—

1 **Z**ION rejoice, and Judah sing,
The Lord assumes his throne ;
New-England, own the heav'nly King,
And make his glories known.

2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd ;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders thro' the world.

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns ;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4 Navies which rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath ;

And

And legions, arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land ;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

[6 Still may the King of grace descend
To rule us by his word ;
And all the honors we can give,
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

CXII. *Angels ministering to Christ and Saints.*

GREAT God ! to what a glor'ous height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son !
Angels in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.

2 Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state
In works of vengeance, and of love.

3 His orders ran through all the hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard these Western coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.

4 Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode ;
Through all the dangers which we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.

5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise, and come—
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

—CXIII.—*The same.*—

1 **T**HE majesty of Solomon,
How glor'ous to behold—

The servants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry, and the gold !

2 But, mighty God ! thy palace shines
With far super'or beams ;
Thine angel-guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.

[3 Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.

4 And when, oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies—
Behold—a heav'ly form appears,
T' allay his agonies.]

5 Now, to the hands of Christ, our King,
Are all their legions giv'n ;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heav'n.

6 Pleasure and praise ran through their host,
To see a sinner turn ;
Then satan has a captive lost,
And Christ—a subject born.

7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.

8 Oh ! could I say, without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found—
Then let the great arch-angel shout—
And the last trumpet sound !

CXIV. Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

1 I SING my Saviour's wond'rous death—
He conquer'd when he fell :

- 1 'Tis finish'd—said his dying breath—
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 'Tis finish'd—our Emmanuel cries—
The dreadful work is done—
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise ;
His Kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sore foundation laid,
For glory and renown ;
When, through the regions of the dead,
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side,
Sits our victor'ous Lord ;
To heav'n and hell, his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints, from his propitious eye,
Await their sev'ral crowns ;
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

—CXV.—*God the Avenger of his Saints.*

- 1 **H**IGH as the heav'ns above the ground,
Reigns the Creator, God ;
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful nod.
- 2 Let princes, of exalted state,
To him ascribe their crown ;
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.
- 3 Know that his Kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain ;
He calls you Gods, that awful name,
But ye must die, like *men*.
- 4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just ;

He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

5 Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
And think of heav'n with fear !
The meanest saint whom you despise,
Has an Avenger there.

CXVI. *Mercies and Thanks.*

1 H OW can I sink with such a prop
H As my eternal God ;
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heav'ns abroad ?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose, and left the dead ?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine ;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

CXVII. *Living and dying with God present.*

I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord—
I My life expires if thou depart ;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, still near my heart.

2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile ;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n a while.

3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace,
Let me resign my fleeting breath ;
And, with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

CXVIII. *The Priesthood of Christ.*

1 **B**LOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,
Revenge the blood of Abel cries ;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Spoke peace as loud from ev'ry vein.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high ;
Behold ! he lays his vengeance by !
And rebels who deserve his sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice ;
Now he appears before his God,
And, for our pardon, pleads his blood.

CXIX. *The Holy Scriptures.*

1 **L**ADE N with guilt, and full of fears,
LI fly to thee, my Lord ;
And not a glint of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief affuage ;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.

3 This is the field where bidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench my thirst of sin ;

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
No danger dwells therein.]

5 This is the Judge, who ends the strife
Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Thro' all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh, may thy counsels, mighty God,
My raving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road
Which leads to thy right hand !

CXX. The Law and Gospel joined in the Scripture.

1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe ;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveal'd his face ;
And, smiling, from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epitome of his love.

3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands ;
The pity of his meiting heart
And vengeance of his hands.

4 Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence ;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
Our armour of defence.

5 We learn Christ crucify'd,
And here behold his blood ;
All arts and knowledges beside,
Will do us little good.]

6 We read the heav'nly word ;
We taste the offer'd grace,

Obey

Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

CXXI.—*The Law and Gospel distinguished.*

1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us know
What duties to our God we owe ;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been,
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man who fails but once ?
But, in the gospel, Christ appears
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comforts from the law ;
Fly to the hope the gospel gives :
The man who trusts the promise, lives.

CXXII. *Retirement and Meditation.*

1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go ?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence ;
I woud obey the voice divine,
And all infer'or joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

CXXIII. *The Benefit of public Ordinances.*

1 **A** WAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth, our souls retreat ;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore ;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

3 While here, our var'ous wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high :
And prayer bears a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

[4 If satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some clearing word ;
We guard the gospel-armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
Here doth the right'ous Sun arise.
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

6 Father ! my soul would still abide
Within thy temple, near thy side :
But if my feet must hence depart,
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

CXXIV. MOSES, AARON, and JOSHUA.

1 **T**IS not the law of ten commands,
On holy Sinai giv'n,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heav'n.

2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
Or save our souls from hell.

3 Aaron, the priest, resigns his breath,
At God's immed'ate will;
And, in the desert, yields to death
Upon th' appointed hill,

4 And thus, on Jordan's yonder side,
The tribes of Isr'el stand,
While Moses bow'd his head and dy'd
Short of the promis'd land.

5 Isr'el rejoice, now * Josh'a leads!
He'll bring your tribes to rest;
So far the Saviour's name exceeds
The ruler and the priest.

CXXV. *Faith and Repentance, Unbelief and Impenitence.*

1 **L**IFE and immortal joys are given
To souls who mourn the sins they've done,
Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n,
By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Woe to the wretch who never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying g'lt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3 The

* The same with Jesus, and signifies a Saviour.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies :
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

CXXVI. *God glorified in the Gospel.*

1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near ;
While pow'r and truth, and boundless love
Display their glories here.

2 Here, in the gospel's wond'rous frame,
Fresh wisdom we may view ;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace ;
Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,
It shines in Jesus' face.

4 The law its best obed'ence owes
To our incarnate God ;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs ;
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

CXXVII. *Circumcision and Baptism.—*
(Written only for those who practice the Baptism
of Infants.)

1 **T**HUS did the sons of Abra'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace !
The young disciples bore the yoke,
'Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant and his love ;

He seals to saints his glor'ous grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set a part for God ;
His spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

4 Let ev'ry saint, with chearful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children, in their early days.
Shall give the God of Abra'm praise.

CXXVIII. *Corrupt Nature from Adam.*

1 **B**L E S T with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our Father, stood ;
'Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And eat th' unlawful food.

2 Now we are born a sens'al race,
To sinful joys inclin'd ;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.

3 While flesh, or sense, or passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good :
We fancy music in our chains,
And so forget our load.

4 Great God ! renew our ruin'd frame.
Our broken pow'rs restore ;
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal spirit ! write thy law
Upon our inward parts ;
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

CXXIX.

CXXIX. *We walk by Faith, not by Sight.*

1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night,
'Till we arrive at heav'n, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies—
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith collects the heav'nly ray ;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abra'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

CXXX. *The new Creation.*

1 **A**TTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories shew :
" Behold, I sit upon my throne,
" Creating all things new.

" 2 Nature and sin are pass'd away,
" And the old Adam dies ;
" My hands a new foundation lay—
" See the new world arise.

" 3 I'll be a Sun of Right'ousness
" To the new heav'ns I make ;
" None but the new-born heirs of grace
" My glory shall partake."

4 Mighty Redeemer ! set me free
From my old state of sin :
Oh, make my soul alive to Thee,
Create new pow'rs within :

5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh ;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

6 Far from the regions of the dead—
From sin, and earth, and hell ;
In the new world which grace has made,
I would forever dwell.

CXXXI. *The Excellency of Christian Religion.*

1 **L**E T everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord ;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

[2 What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan ?
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe for man.]

3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon ;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
'Till we apply to Christ alone.

4 How well thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy thy commands !
Thy promises, how strong they be !
How firm our hope or comfort stands !

[5 Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind ;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joy so well refin'd.]

6 Should all the forms which men devise,
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart,

—CXXXII. *The Offices of Christ.*—

1 **W**E bless the prophet of the Lord,
Who comes with truth and grace ;
Jesus, thy Spirit, and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High-Priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our GOD.

3 We honor our exalted King ;
How sweet are his commands !
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to his glor'ous name,
Who saves by diff'rent ways ;
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

CXXXIII. *The Operations of the Holy Spirit.*

1 **E**TERNAL Spirit ! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From GOD the Father, and the Son.

2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day :
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

3 Thy pow'r and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Do over imper'ous lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy charming words awake our joys ;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

CXXXIV.

CXXXIV. *Circumcision abolished.*

- 1 **T**HE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace ;
I will the God of Abra'm be.
" And of his nam'rous race."
- 2 He said—and, with a bloody seal,
Confirm'd the words he spoke ;
Long did the sons of Abra'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke.
- 3 'Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed ;
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.
- 4 The God of Abra'm claims our praise,
His promises endure ;
And Christ, the Lord, in gentler ways,
Makes the salvation sure.

CXXXV. *Types and Prophecies of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOULD the woman's promis'd seed,
Behold the great Messiah come !
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the super'or room !
- 2 Abra'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw !
Moses, the Man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd ;
The incense, and the bleeding Lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet,
And join their blessings on his head ;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet ;
And nations own the promis'd seed.

CXXXVI.

CXXXVI. *Miracles at the Birth of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HE King of glory sends his Son
To make his entrance on this earth ;
Behold, the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'ly hosts declare his birth !
- 2 About the young Redeemer's head
What wonders and what glories meet !
An unknown star arose, and led
The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim ;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.
- 4 Tho' Jew and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with scorn ;
Our souls adore th' eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

CXXXVII. *Miracles in the Life, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the blind their sight receive !
Behold the dead awake, and live !
The dumb speak wonders ! and the lame
Leap like the hart and bless his name !
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ! the heav'ns in mourning stood ;
He rises—and appears a God :
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die !
- 4 Hence, and forever, from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;

And

And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

CXXXVIII. *The Power of the Gospel.*

1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above ;
Jehovah here resolves to shew
What his almighty grace can do.

2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind ;
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.

3 This gospel bids the dead revive ;
Sinners obey the voice, and live ;
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloath'd afresh ;
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.

[4 Where satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light ;
Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controuls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.]

[5 Lions and beasts, of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb ;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6 May but this grace my soul renew ;
Let sinners gaze and hate me too ;
The word which saves me, does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

CXXXIX. *The Example of Christ.*

1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word :
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal—
 Such def'rence to thy Father's will—
 Such love, and meekness, so divine,
 I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
 Witness the fervor of thy pray'r ;
 The desart thy temptations knew,
 Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern—make me bear
 More of thy gracious image here ;
 Then GOD, the Judge, shall own my name
 Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

CXL. *Examples of Christ and the Saints.*

1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith, to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above how great their joys—
 How bright their glories be ?

2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears ;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came ?
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb ;
 Their triumph, to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps which he trod,
 (His zeal inspir'd their breast)
 And, foll'wing their incarnate GOD,
 Possess the promis'd rest.

5 Our glor'ous Leader claims our praise,
 For his own pattern giv'n ;
 While the long cloud of witnessies
 Show the same path to heav'n.

CXL. *Faith assisted by Sense.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour God, my sov'reign Prince,
Reigns far above the skies !
But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.
- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word :
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.
- 3 Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace ;
While at his feast of bread and wine,
He gives his saints a place :
- 4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean ;
As by his spirit, and his blood,
He'll wash my soul from sin.
- 5 Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low,
To give his word a seal :
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

CXLII. *Faith in Christ our Sacrifice.*

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;

A sacrifice

A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

CXLIII. *Flesh and Spirit.*

1 **W**HAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and ha
Attend our mortal state ?
I hate the thoughts which work within,
And do the works I hate.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and satan reign :
Nor raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.

3 So darkness struggles with the light,
'Till perfect day arise ;
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex, and break my peace ;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

CXLIV. *The Effusion of the Spirit.*

1 **G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,
GWhen the divine disciples met ;
While

Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame:

2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !
And pow'r to give, and pow'r to save !
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

3 Thus arm'd, he sent his champ'ons forth,
From east to west, from south to north ;
“ Go, and assert your Saviour's cause ;
“ Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.”

4 These weapons of the holy war,
Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low !

5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd ;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue—
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vist'ries of his word.

CXLV. Sight thro' a Glass, and Face to Face.

1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
I Through which my Lord is seen,
And long to meet my Saviour's face,
Without a glass between.

2 Oh, that the happy hour were come,
To change my faith to sight !
I should behold my Lord at home
In a diviner light.

3 Haste, my beloved, and remove
These interposing days ;

Then shall my passions all be love,
And all my pow'rs be praise.

CXLVI. *The Vanity of Creatures.*

1 **M**AN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires !
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.

2 In vain, on earth, we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind :
We try new pleasures—but we feel
The inward thirst; and torment still.

3 So, when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns ;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place but keep the pain.

4 Great GOD ! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust ;
Cure this vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

CXLVII. *The Creation of the World, Gen. ii.*

1 " **N**OW let the spacious world arise,"
Said the Creator Lord :
At once th' obed'ent earth and skies
Rose at his sov'reign word.

2 Dark was the deep ; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land ;
He call'd the light—the new-born day
Attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds ascend on high ;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below,
Was gather'd by his hand ;

The

The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

5 With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth),
The naked globe he crown'd,
E'er there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies,
Behold the sun appears ;
The moon and stars, in order rise,
To mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame ;
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.

8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wond'rous birth :
And grazing beasts, of var'ous form
Rose from the teeming earth.

9 Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
Tho' lov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they ;
With God's own image blest.

10 Thus, glor'ous in the Maker's eye,
The young creation stood ;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.

11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue :
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

CXLVIII. God reconciled in Christ.

D EAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God !

Who

Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
*Tis by thine interceding breath
The spirit dwells with men.

3 'Till God, in human flesh, I see,
My thoughts no comfort find.
The holy, just, and sacred *Three*
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Imman'el's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast;
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

CXLIX. *Honor to Magistrates.*

1 ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We, mortals, to thy Majesty
Our first obed'ence owe.

2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence,
For magistrates, of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3 The rulers of those states shall shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bless'd.)

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;

And

And sinners perish from the land,
By justice, and the sword.

5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne ;
But Consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

CL. *The Deceitfulness of Sin.*

1 **S**IN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practice on the mind ;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young ;
And, while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence ;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sease.

4 So, on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food ;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

CLI. *Prophecy and Inspiration.*

1 **T**WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word,
His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2 The works and wonders which they wro't,
Confirm'd the messages they brought ;
The prophet's pen succeedshis breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great GOD, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book ;

There

There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind ;
Here I can fix my hope secure—
This is my word, and must endure.

CLII. *Sinai and Sion, Heb. xii. ver. 18.* *See*

1 **N**O T to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which GOD on Sinai spoke.

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our GOD,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloath'd in light !
Behold th' spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight !

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n !
And GOD, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints, on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.

6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest :
The man who dwells where JESUS is,
Must be for ever blest.

CLIII. *Distemper, folly, and madness of sin.*

1 **S**IN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood :

The only balm is sov'reign grace,
And the physician, GOD.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death ;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,
The passions burn and rage :
'Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire affuage.

[4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise :
Such is the folly of the mind,
'Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And rash, with fury, down to hell ;
But heav'n prevents the fall.]

[6 The man possess'd among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh, and cries :
He foams and raves, 'till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

CLIV. *Self-Righteousness insufficient.*

1 " **W**HENCE are the mourners, saith the Lord,
" Who wait and tremble at my word ?
" Who walk in darkness all the day ?
" Come, make my name your trust and stay.

[2 " No works, nor duties, of your own,
" Can for the smallest sin atone ;
" The robes which nature may provide,
" Will not your least pollution hide.

3 " The softest couch which nature knows,
" Can give the conscience no repose :
" Look

" Look to my right'ness, and live ;
 " Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4 " Ye sons of pride, who kindle coals
 " With your own hands to warm your souls,
 " Walk in the light of your own fire,
 " Enjoy the sparks which you desire.

5 " This is your portion at my hands ;
 " Hell waits you with her iron bands ;
 " Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
 " In death, in darkness, and despair."

CLV. *Christ our Passover.*

1 **I**O, the destroying angel flies
 To Pharaoh's stubborn land ;
 The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies
 By his vindictive hand.

2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
 Nor pour'd the wrath divine ;
 He saw the blood on ev'ry door,
 And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
 To break the Egyptian yoke ;
 Thus Isr'el is from bondage freed,
 And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
 With blood so rich as thine ;
 Justice no longer would pursue
 This guilty soul of mine.

5 Jesus, our passover, was slain,
 And has at once procur'd
 Freedom from satan's heavy chain,
 And God's avenging sword.

CLVI. *Presumption and Despair.*

1 **I**HATE the tempter and his charms,
 I hate his flatt'ring breath ;

The

The serpent takes a thousand forms,
To cheat our souls to death.

2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
Or kills with slavish fear ;
And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption, or despair.

3 Now he persuades, how easy 'tis
To walk the road to heav'n ;
Anon he swells our sins, and cries
They cannot be forgiv'n.

4 He bids young sinners yet forbear
To think of GOD, or death ;
" For prayer and devotion are
" But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged they must die,
" And 'tis too late to pray ;
" In vain for mercy now they cry,
" For they have lost their day."

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit ;
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty GOD, cut short his pow'rs,
Let him in darkness dwell ;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

CLVII. *The same.*

1 **N**O W satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy ;
He worries whom he can't devour,
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye sons of GOD, oppose his rage,
Resist, and he'll be gone ;

Thus

Thus did our dearest Lord engage
And vanquish him alone.

3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love ;
But the old serpent lurks within,
When he assumes the dove.

4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly ;
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

CLVIII. *Few saved : Or, The almost Christian,
the Hypocrite, and the Apostate.*

1 **B**ROAD is the road which leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shews a narr'wer path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command !
Nature taust count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

3 The fearful soul, who tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd *almost* a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new ;
This hypocrites did ne'er attain,
And false Apostates never knew.

CLIX. *Unconverted State : Or, Converting Grace.*

1 **G**REAT King of glory, and of grace !
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degen'rate race,
And our first Father's name !

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
The poison reigns within ;
Makes us averse to all that's good,
And willing slaves to sin.

[3 Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace ;
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,
Against our Maker's face.]

4 We live estrang'd afar from GOD,
And love the distance well ;
With haste we run the dang'rous road,
Which leads to death and hell.

5 And can such rebels be restor'd ?
Such nature's made divine ?
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel the pow'r of thine.

6 We raise our Father's name on high,
Who his own spirit sends
To bring rebell'ous strangers nigh,
And turn his foes to friends.

CLX. *Custom in Sin.*

1 **L**E T the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the spots which nature gives ;
Then may the wicked turn to GOD.
And change their tempers, and their lives.

2 As well migh't Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darkness of their skin ;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'T will not endure the least control ;
None but a pow'r divinely strong
Can turn the current of the foul.

4 Great God ! I own thy pow'r divine,
Which soon can change this heart of mine ;
I wou ld be form'd anew, and blest
The wonders of creating grace.

CLXI. *Christian Virtues.*

1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
Which leads to joys on high ;
'Tis but a few who find the gate,
While crowds mistake, and die.

2 Beloved *self* must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.

[3 Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules ;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.]

4 The love of **GOLD** be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense
In sweet subjection lie.

5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint :
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.

6 Lord ! can a feeble, helpless worm,
Fulfil a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

CLXII. *Meditation of Heaven.*

1 **M**Y thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the veil ;
There springs of endless pleasure rise,
Whose waters never fail.

2 There

2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
 The blessed *Three in One* ;
 And strong affections fix my sight
 On God's incarnate Son.

3 His promise stands for ever firm,
 His grace shall ne'er depart ;
 He binds my name upon his arm,
 And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains which nature brings,
 How short our sorrows are,
 When, with eternal, future things,
 The present we compare.

5 I would not be a stranger still
 To that cælest'al place,
 Where I forever hope to dwell
 Near my Redeemer's face.

CLXIII. *Complaint of desertion and temptations.*

1 **D**EAR Lord ! behold our sore distress ;
 Our sins attempt to reign ;
 Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,
 And let thy foes be slain.

2 The Lion, with his dreadful roar,
 Affrights thy feebler sheep :
 Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
 And chain him to the deep.

3 Must we indulge a long despair ?
 Shall our petitions die ?
 Our mournings never reach mine ear ?
 Nor tears affect thine eye ?

4 If thou despise a mortal's groan,
 Yet hear a Saviour's blood ;
 An advocate, so near the throne,
 Pleads and prevails with God.

S He

5 He bought the Spirit's pow'rful sword,
To slay our deadly foes :
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
And hell in vain oppose.

6 How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length !
He made his Son our right'ousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

CLXIV. *The End of the World.*

1 **W**H Y should this earth delight us so ?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow,
And ev'ry pleasure dies.

2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour ;
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die—
The sun must end his race :
The earth and sea for ever fly,
Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glor'ous morning rise ?
When the last trumpet sound ?
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground ?

CLXV. *Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and unsanctified Affections.*

1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound,
Of thy Salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain :

How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain !

[3 My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne !

4 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !]

5 Great God ! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 Shew my forgetful feet the way
Which leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die..

CLXVI. *The Divine Perfections.*

1 **H**OW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite Unknown ?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne ?

[2 The great Invisible ! He dwells
Conceal'd in dazz'ling light ;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night..

3 Those watchful eyes which never sleep,
Survey the world around :
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

[4 Speak we of strength ? His arm is strong,
To save or to destroy ;

Infinite

Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]

[5 He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees ;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.]

6 Sinners before his presence die ;
How holy is his name !
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.

7 Justice, upon a dreadful throne,
Maintains the rights of God ;
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.

8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word ;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

CLXVII. *The Divine Perfections.*

1 **G**REAT God ! thy glories shall employ,
My holy fear, my humble joy !
My lips, in songs of honor, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

2 Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne ;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.

3 His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows ?
If he command who dare oppose ?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

4 Who shall pretend to teach him skill ?
Or guide the counsels of his will ?

His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.

5 His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy ;
He hates the sons of pride—and sheds
His fiery vengeance on their heads.

6 The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light ;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.

7 Th' eternal law before him stands ;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre, or the sword

8 His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our loads of guilt away ;
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
T' engage his justice on our side.

9 Each of his words demand my faith ;
My soul can rest on all he saith ;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]

10 Oh, tell me, with a gentle voice,
Thou art my God—and I'll rejoice !
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honors of thy name.

CLXVIII. *The same.*

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high—
His robes are light and majesty ;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law ;

His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles satan's deep designs ;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glor'ous Lord descend
To be my Father, and my Friend ?
Then let my songs with angels join—
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

CLXIX. *The same.*

3 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high !
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law :
And where his love
Resolves to bleſs,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd designs :
Strong is his arm,
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend ?
And will he write his name
My Father and my friend ?

I love his name,
I love his word ;
Join all my pow'rs
And praise the Lord.

CLXX. God *incomprehensible and Sovereign*

[1 **C**AN creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal uncreated mind ?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?

2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell,
And what can mortals know or tell ?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise ;
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And smells and sniffs the empty wind.]

4 God is a King of pow'r unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne :
If he resolve who dare oppose,
Or ask him why or what he does ?

5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole
He calms the tempest of the soul :
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar ?

6 He frowns, and darkness vales the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon :
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
 'The crooked serpent and the worm ;
 He breaks the billows with his breath,
 And smites the sons of pride to death.

8 These are a portion of his ways ;
 But who shall dare describe his face ?
 Who can endure his light, or stand
 To hear the thunders of his hand.

END OF THE SECOND Book.



BOOK III.

Prepared for the holy ORDINANCE of the
LORD's SUPPER.

1. *The Lord's Supper instituted, 1 Cor. xi. 23.*

1. **T**WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs and hell arose
Against the Son of GOD's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes.

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread and bless'd and brake :
What love though all his actions ran !
What wond'rous words of grace he spake :

3 This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food :
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine ;
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.

4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn :
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.

5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt ;
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.

6 " Do this (he cry'd) 'till time shall end,
" In mem'ry of your dying friend ;
" Meet at my table, and record
" The love of your departed Lord."

7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,

'Till

"Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

II. *Communion with Christ and with Saints.*

1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

- 1 J E S U S invites his saints
To meet around his board ;
Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
Communion with the Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh ;
He bids us drink his blood :
Amazing favor ! matchless grace,
Of our descending God !]
- 3 This holy bread and wine,
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And int'rest in his death.
- 4 Our heav'ly Father calls
Christ and his members one !
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts
Of the same broken bread.
One body, with its sev'ral limbs,
But Jesus is the Head.
- 6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd.
His glor'ous name to raise :
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

III. *The New Covenant sealed.*

- 1 " T HE promise of my Father's love
" Shall stand forever good :"
He said—and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2 To

- 2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
 I set my worthless name ;
 I seal th' engagement with my Lord,
 And make my humble claim.
- 3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
 And glory shall be mine ;
 My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
 And all my pow'rs are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own,
 Which Jesus did bequeath ;
 'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
 And ratisy'd in death.
- 5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name
 Who bless'd us in his will,
 And to his testament of love
 Made his own life the seal.

IV. Christ's dying Love.

- 1 **H**OW condescending, and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son !
 Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
 And pity brought him down.
- [2 When justice, by our sin's provok'd,
 Drew forth its dreadful sword,
 He gave his soul up to the stroke,
 Without a murmur'ring word.]
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne :
 There's ne'er a gift his hand beflows,
 But cost his heart a groan.
- 4 This was compassion like a God,
 That when the Saviour knew
 The price of pardon was his blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great :
 Well he remembers Calvary,
 Nor let his saints forget,

[6 Here

[6 Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd ;
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.]

[7 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love :
Hard is the wretch who never feels
One soft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

V. Christ the Bread of Life, Jo. vi. 31, 35, 39.

1 **L**E T us adore th' Eternal Word,
'Tis He our souls has fed :
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread ;

[2 The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above ;
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews, the father's dy'd at last,
Who eat that heav'nly bread ;
But these provisions which we taste,
Can raise us from the dead.

4 Bleß'd be the Lord, who gives his flesh
To nourish dying men ;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
Whilst Jesus finds supplies ;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

[6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ, our life, shall come ;
His encloſed pow'r shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

VI. *The Memorial of our absent Lord, John xvii.*

16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

1 **J**E S U S is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face ;
And, to refresh oar minds, he gave
These kind memor'als of his grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood,
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our GOD.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

5 Whilst he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place ;
That we may live in heav'nly light,
And dwell for ever near his face.

[6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come ;
We wait thy char'ot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

VII. *Crucifixion to the World, by the Cross of Christ, Gal. vi. 14.*

1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my GOD :
All the vain things which charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

[4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

VIII. *The Tree of Life.*

1: C O M E, let us join a joyful tune
To our exalted Lord—
Ye saints on high, around his throne,
And we around his board.

2 While once, upon this lower ground,
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshment here ye found
From this immortal food !

3 The tree of life, which near the throne
In heay'ns high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever smiling boughs.

[4 Hov'ring among the leaves, there stands
The sweet cælest'al Dove,
And Jesu's on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

15 'Tis a young heav'n of strange delight
While in his shade we sit ;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

6 New life it spreads through dying hearts,
And chears the drooping mind ;
Vigor and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.]

7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees ;
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
Which bears such fruit as these.

8 Infinite grace our souls adore
Whose wond'rous hand has made
This living branch of sov'reign pow'r
To raise and heal the dead.

IX. *The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood.*—
John v. 6.

[1 LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our GOD on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Saviour's name ;
Jesus, th' Ambassador of peace,
How chearfully he came !

3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to GOD ;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]

[4 My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood ;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.

5 Infinite was our guilt,
But He, our Priest, atones ;
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]

6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,

Fulfilis his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood :
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.

9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Then I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal my Saviour's love.

[10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart ;
Great Comforter ! abide within,
And witness to my heart.

X. Christ Crucify'd ; the Wisdom and Power
of God.

1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
And ev'ry labor of his hands
Shews something worthy of a God :

2 But in the grace which rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines ;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

[3 Here his whole name appears complete ;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.]

4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join ;
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasure's mine.

5 Oh ! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, lov'd and dy'd !
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

6 I would for ever speak his name
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown.
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at his Father's throne.

XI. *Pardon brought to our Senses.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are ?
L How heav'nly is the place,
 Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
 Of his redeeming grace !
- 2 Here the rich bounties of our GOD,
 And sweetest glories shine ;
 Here Jesus says, that I am his,
 And my beloved's mine.
- 3 Here, (says the kind redeeming Lord,
 And shews his wounded side)
 " See here the spring of all your joys,
 " Which open'd when I dy'd !"
- [4 He smiles, and chears my mournful heart,
 And tells of all his pain :
 " All this, says he, I bore for thee,"
 And then he smiles again.]
- 5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King,
 For grace so vast as this ?
 He brings our pardon to our eyes,
 And seals it with a kiss.
- [6 Let such amazing loves as these
 Be founded all abroad ;
 Such favors are beyond degrees,
 And worthy of a GOD.]
- 7 To him who wash'd us in his blood
 Be everlasting praise ;
 Salvation, honor, glory, pow'r,
 Eternal as his days.

XII.—*The Gospel Feast, Luke xiv. 16, &c.*

- [1] **H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord !
H Thy table furnish'd from above !

The

The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast :
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame ;
And help was far, and death was nigh !
But, at the gospel-call, we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.

4 From the high-way which leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

[5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
Who left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'rers back to God !

6 It cost him death to save our lives ;
To buy our souls, it cost his own ;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown...

7 Our everlasting love is due
To him who ransom'd sinners lost ;
And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vast expence his love would cost.]

XIII. *Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests, Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.*

1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores !

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our GOD
With soft compassion rolls ;
Here peace and pardon bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

[3 While,

- [3] While all our hearts and all our song,
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
 " Lord, why was I a guest ? "
- 4 " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 " And enter while there's room ;
 " When thousands make a wretched choice,
 " And rather starve than come ? "
- 5 'Twas the same love which spread the feast,
 That sweetly forc'd us in ;
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our sin.
- [6] Pity the nations, O our God,
 Constrain the earth to come ;
 Send thy victor'ous word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May with one voice, one heart, one soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace.]

XIV. *The Song of Simeon, Luke ii. 28 ; or, a Sight of Christ makes Death easy.*

- 1 **N**O W have our hearts embrac'd our God,
 We would forget all earthly charms,
 And wish to die, as Simeon would
 With his young Saviour in his arms.
- 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,
 Were but our hearts prepar'd like his ;
 " Our souls still waiting to be gone,
 " And at thy word depart in peace.
- 3 " Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
 " And view'd salvation with our eyes,
 " Tasted and felt the living word,
 " The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 " Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
 " Hast set his blood before our face ; " To

“ To teach the terrors of thy name,
 “ And shew the wonders of thy grace.
 5 “ He is our light, our morning star
 “ Shall shine on nations yet unknown ;
 “ The glory of thine Israel here,
 “ And joy of spirits near the throne.”

XV. *Our Lord Jesus at his own Table:*

1 HE mem’ry of our dying Lord
 Awakes a thankful tongue :
 How rich he spread his royal board,
 And bles’d the food and sung.

2 Happy the men who eat his bread,
 But doubly bles’d was he
 Who gently bow’d his loving head,
 And lean’d it, Lord, on Thee.

3 By faith the same delights we taste
 As that great fav’rite did,
 And sit and lean on Jesu.’ breast,
 And take the heav’ly bread.

4 Down from the palace of the skies ;
 Hither the King descends !
 “ Come, my beloved, eat (he cries)
 “ And drink salvation, friends.

[5 “ My flesh is food and physic too,
 “ A balm for all your pains :
 “ And the red streams of pardon flow
 “ From these my pierced veins.”

6 Hosanna to his bount’ous love,
 For such a feast below !
 And yet he feeds his saints above
 With nobler blessings too.

7 Come, the dear day, the glor’ous hour,
 Which brings our souls to rest !
 Then we shall need these types no more,
 But dwell at th’ heav’ly feast.

XVI. *The Agonies of Christ.*

1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine ;
Our suff' rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love ;
Each of us hope, he dy'd for me,
And then our griefs remove.

[3 Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board ;
And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His soul, what agonies it felt
When his own GOD withdrew ;
And the large load of all our guilt
Lay heavy on him too,

5 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear ;
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.

6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
The wonders of that day :
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns shou'd sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise ;
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

XVII. *The Flesh and Blood of Christ.*

[1] **W**e sing th' amazing deeds
Which grace divine performs ;
Th' eternal GOD comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul-reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood ;

We

We thank that sacred flesh of thine,
For this immortal food.

3 The banquet which we eat

Is made of heav'nly things ;

Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam sought,

And search'd his garden round,

For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

5 Th' angelic host above

Can never taste this food ;

They feast upon their Maket's love,
But not a Saviour's blood.

6 On us th' almighty Lord
Beflows this matchless grace ;
And meets us with some cheering word,
With pleasure in his face.

7 Come, all ye drooping saints ;
And banquet with the King ;
This wine will drown your sad complaints,
And tune your voice to sing.

8 Salvation to the name
Of our adored Christ ;
Through the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the high'ſt.

XVIII. *The same.*

1 JESUS ! we bow before thy feet !
Thy table is divine'y stor'd !

Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,

'Tis living bread—we thank thee, Lord !

2 And here we drink our Saviour's b'eed ;
We thank thee, Lord 'tis gen'rous wine,
Mingled with love, the fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

3 On earth is no such sweetnes found,
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food ;

In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

4 Carnal provisions can at best.
But cheer the heart or warm the head ;
But the rich cord' al which we taste,
Gives life eternal to the dead.

5 Praise to the Master of the feast,
His name our souls forever bless ;
To GOD the King, and GOD the Priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

XIX *Glory in the Cross.*

1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast :
Thy blood, like mine, adorns thy board,
And thy own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trust for life in one who dy'd ;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause ;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He who was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting 'till he come.

XX. *The Provisions of the Table of our Lord.*

LORD, we adore thy bount'ous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet cælest' al dainties stand,
For ev'ry willing guest.

[2 The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit ;
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.

- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice ;
 The fountain flows above,
 And runs down streaming, for our use,
 In rivulets of love.]
- 4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
 The pleasure's well refin'd ?
 They spread new life through ev'ry heart,
 And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
 Ye saints who taste his wine ;
 Join with your kindred saints above,
 In loud hosanna's join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the GOD,
 Who gives such joy as this !
 Hosanna ! let it sound abroad,
 And reach where Jesus is.

XXI. *The triumphal Feast for Christ's Victory,
 over Sin, Death, and Hell.*

- 1 C O M E, let us lift our voices high,
 High as our joys arise ;
 And join the songs above the sky,
 Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the GOD, who fought and bled,
 And conquer'd when he fell,
 Who rose, and at his char'ot wheels,
 Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.
- 3 Jesus, the GOD, invites us here,
 To this triumphal feast :
 And brings immortal blessings down
 For each redeemed guest.
- 4 The Lord ! how glor'ous is his face,
 How kind his smiles appear !
 And, oh ! what melting words he says
 To ev'ry humble ear,
- 5 " For you, the children of my love,
 " It was for you I dy'd : " Behold

- 5 " Behold my hands, behold my feet,
 " And look into my side.
- 6 " These are the wounds for you I bore,
 " The tokens of my pains,
 " When I came down to free your souls
 " From misery and chains.
- 7 " Justice unsheathe'd its fi'ry sword,
 " And plung'd it in my heart ;
 " Infinite pangs for you I bore,
 " And most tormenting smart.
- 8 " When hell, and all its spiteful pow'rs,
 " Stood dreadful in my way,
 " To rescue those dear lives of yours,
 " I gave my own away.
- 9 " But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
 " I ruin'd satan's throne ;
 " High on my cross I hung, and spy'd
 " The monster tumbling down.
- 10 " Now you must triumph at my feast,
 " And taste my flesh, my blood,
 " And live eternal ages bless'd,
 " For 'tis immortal food."
- 11 Victor'ous GOD ! what can we pay
 For favors so divine ?
 We would devote our hearts away
 To be for ever thine.]
- 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
 The tribute of our tongues—
 But themes so infinite as these
 Exceed our noblest songs.

XXII. *The Compassion of a dying Christ.*

- 1 O UR spirits join t' adore the Lamb :—
 Oh, that our feeble lips could move
 In strains immortal as his name,
 And melting as his dying love !

2 Was ever equal pity found ?
 The prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
 And pours his life out on the ground,
 To ransom guilty worms from death !

[3 Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws ;
 He from the threatenings set us free,
 Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
 And nail'd the curses to the tree.]

[4 The law proclaims no terror now—
 And Sinai's thunder roars no more :
 From all his wounds new blessings flow,
 A sea of joy without a shore.

5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
 And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood :
 Bless'd fountain ! springing from the veins
 Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

6 In vain our mortal voices strive
 To speak compassion so divine ;
 Had we a thousand lives to give,
 A thousand lives should all be thine.

XXIII. Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

[1 SITTING around our Father's board,
 We raise our tuneful breath ;
 Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
 And dooms our sins to death.]

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
 Whence all our pardons rise ;
 The sinner views th' atonement made,
 And loves the sacrifice.]

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
 Procure us heav'nly crowns :
 Our highest gain springs from thy loss ;
 Our healing, from thy wounds.

4 Oh ! 'tis impossible that we,
 Who dwell in feeble clay,

Should

Should equal suff'rings bear for Thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

XXIV. *Pardon and Strength from Christ.*

1 **F**AITHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glory shine ;
The Lord with his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,
We drink the sacred cup ;
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky ;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

[5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast ;
We love the mem'ry of his name,
More than the wine we taste.]

XXV. *Divine Glories and Graces.*

1 **H**OW are thy glories here display'd,
Great God, how bright they shine :
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine !

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause ;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend, with ev'ry grace
On this great sacrifice ;
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with mixed eyes.

4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heav'n directs her sight ;
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,
And strongest pow'rs unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy ;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet no: forbids the joy.

6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight,
Let sin forever die ;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.

A Song of Praise to the Ever-blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

XXVI. 1st Long Metre.

1 **B**LESS'D be the Father, and his love,
To whose celest'al source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God ;
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the spirit we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a shore.

XXVII. 1st Common Metre.

1 **G**LORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honors of his grace.

2 Glory

- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God who reigns above,
Th' eternal Three and One,
Who by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

XXVIII. 1st Short Metre.

- 1 **L**E T God the Father live
For ever on our tongues :
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honor to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise,
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God, the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
- 5 To the great one and Three,
Who seals this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

—XXIX. 2d Long Metre.—

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown ;

In essence One, in Person three ;
A social nature, yet alone.

2 When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd,
The honors of thy name to raise :
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

—XXX. 2d *Common Metre*.—

1 **T**HE GOD of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his REDEEMING WORD,
And new-creating breath.

2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit—all divine—
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

—XXXI. 2d *Short Metre*.—

1 **L**E T God the Maker's name
Have honor, love and fear,
To God the Saviour, pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy pow'r.

—XXXII. 3d *Long Metre*.—

1 **T**O GOD the Father, GOD the Son,
And GOD the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

—XXXIII. *Or thus* :—

ALL glory to thy wond'rous name,
Father of Mercy, God of love :
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Doye.

—XXXIV.

—XXXIV. 3d Common Metre.—

NO W let the Father, and the Son.
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

—XXXV. Or thus :—

HONOR to Thee, Almighty Three,
And everlasting One ;
All Glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

—XXXVI. 3d Short Metre.—

YE angels round the throne,
And Saints who dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

—XXXVII. Or thus :—

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son :
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honor done

XXXVIII. *Song of Praise to the blessed Trinity,*

1 **I**GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above.

He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins,
Which man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too ;
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe :
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,

And

And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

- 3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live :
His work compleats
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done ;
The undivided Thrice,
And the myster'ous One :
Where reason fails
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

—XXXIX.—

- 1 **T**O Him who chose us first,
Before the world began,
To him who bore the curse
To save rebell'ous man :
To him who forms
Our hearts anew,
Is endless praise
And glory due.
- 2 The Father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs ;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues :
Our lips address
The Spirit's name
With equal praise,
And zeal the same.

- 3 Let ev'ry saint above,
And angel round the throne,

For

For ever bless and love
 The sacred Three in One :
 Thus Heav'n shall raise
 His honors high,
 When earth and time
 Grow old and die.

—XL.—

1 **T**O God the Father's throne
 Perpet' al honors raise ;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise ;
 And while our lips
 Their tribute bring,
 Our faith adores
 The name we sing.

—XLI. *Or thus :—*

1 **T**O our eternal God,
 The Father and the Son,
 And Spirit all divine,
 Three mysteries in One :
 Salvation, pow'r,
 And praise be giv'n,
 By all on earth
 And all in heav'n.

—XLII. *Long Metre.—*

—*The Hosanna ; or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.—*

1 **H**OSANNA to King David's Son,
 Who reigns on a super'or throne ;
 We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
 Who brings salvation down to earth.

2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
 In this delightful work engage ;
 Old men and babes in Sion sing
 The growing glories of her King.

—XLIII. *Common Metre.*—

1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Sion, behold thy King ;
Proclaim the son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

2 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word
That from the Father came ;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

XLIV. *Short Metre.*

1 **H**OSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

2 To Christ th' anointed King
Be endless blessings giv'n ;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

—XLV.—

1 **H**OSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood ;
Behold He comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God ;
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honors lay.

2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb ;
Let earth and sea, and sky,
His wond'rous love proclaim :
Upon his head
Shall honors rest
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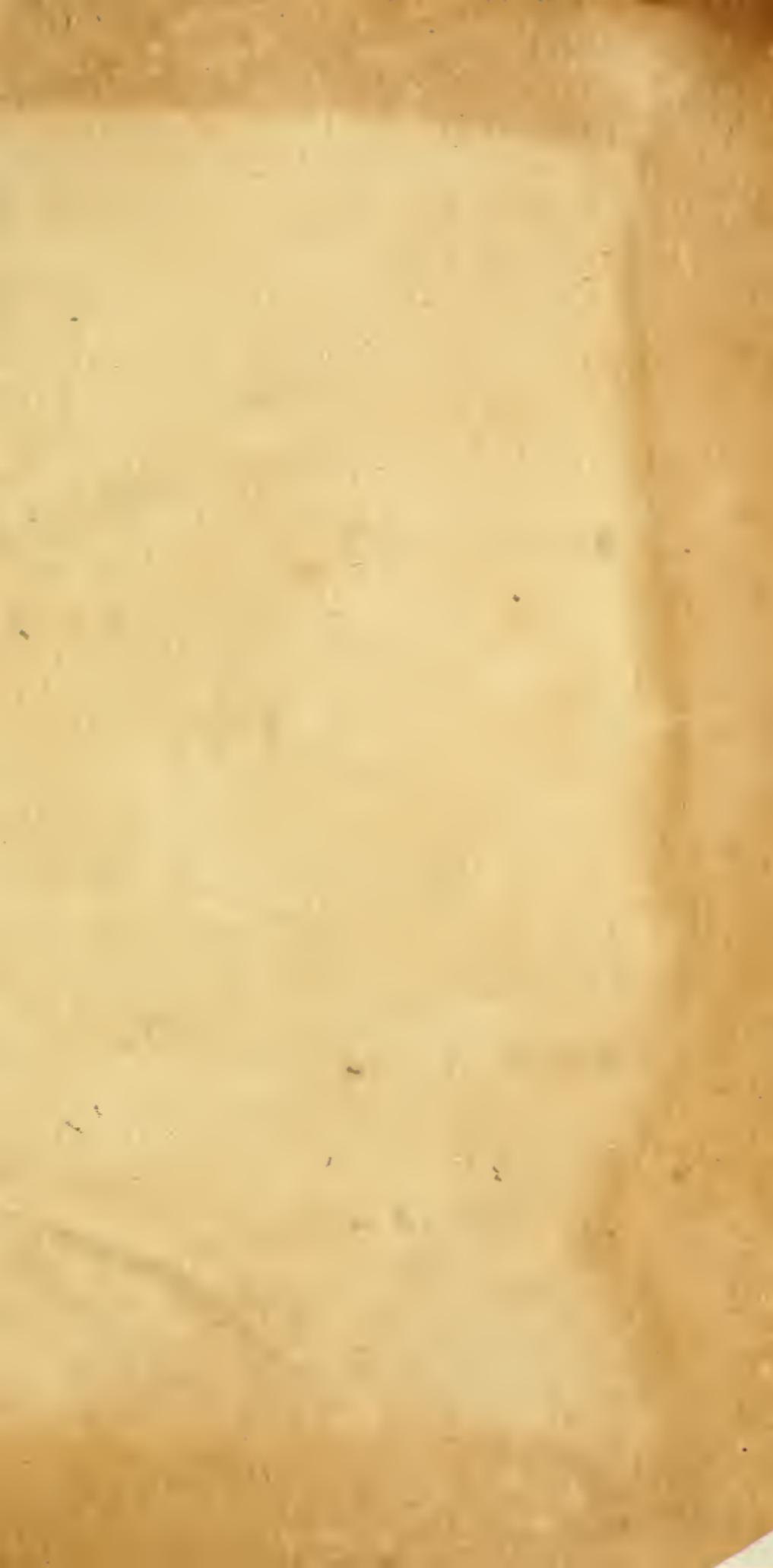
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Mary Newell

M



Mary Alder



